January 31, 1950

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The Reporter

THE SOVIET SATELLITES AND THE U. S.

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Market day in a Polish village

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The Reporter's Notes

Our Ambassador to Franco

Before long, the U. S. Embassy in Madrid will again be headed by an ambassador. Since the United Nations General Assembly resolution of December 12, 1946, the American government has had what may be called a morganatic relationship with the Franco régime—a rather silly state of affairs which might be taken to mean that the re-establishment of full diplomatic relations implies affection and esteem.

What really matters now is the kind of ambassador our government is going to send. Certainly not a Franco sympathizer, designed to fit into his "official family"—unless, to make things even, Henry Wallace is appointed Ambassador to Moscow. The American ambassador must be someone who knows how to make his embassy a showplace of American democracy and who never tires of going around, meeting people, and seeing things. The American ambassador must make Franco realize every hour that the American government and people know him for what he is. The man who crawled his way to safety throughout the war is now reported ready to play off Russia against America. We need a hard-bargaining, wide awake ambassador in Madrid whose presence Franco will feel as a thorn in his flesh.

The Cost of Limited Wars

"Limited" has become a word to watch; world government with "limited" powers, "limited" assistance to Chiang Kai-shek, and so on.

For four years, a "limited" war was waged in Greece, in which Greek government soldiers were armed with American weapons and paid with American money. It has also been called a budgeted war: The Greek government's expenses had to stay within the budget that the U. S. government had approved. Fighting against the Greek Army, which was "advised," but not exactly led, by American officers —advice is of course "limited" leadership—were Greek guerrillas. Nobody knows their exact number, but it is generally assumed that at the height of the fighting there must have been around twenty thousand. The total cost of the Greek "limited" war for the American taxpayer was around one billion dollars, or fifty thousand dollars per Greek guerrilla (more than twice as much as *The Reporter* estimated while the war was still going on). A fairly well-fed Greek may weigh around one hundred thirty pounds. His weight in gold at the present legal rate of $35 an ounce would be worth $72,800. If the Greek guerrillas had been made of gold, we would have been getting them at a 33 1-3 per cent discount.

Intervention in Greece, no matter how necessary, was much more expensive to the American government than to the Communists. A bridge built at the cost of a million dollars could easily be blown up, as many were, with a twenty-five-dollar Communist bomb. One wonders why the Communists have put a stop to this drain on American wealth.

Perhaps the reason is that they now see the prospect of another American experiment in "limited" assistance or "budgeted" war. If Chiang Kai-shek, thanks to U. S. help, were to hold Formosa and spring back to the mainland, he would face a Communist army of from two to four million soldiers and guerrillas. At the Greek rate of expense —fifty thousand dollars per enemy— Chiang Kai-shek's victory would cost us between one hundred billion and two hundred billion dollars. The total national budget of this country, as even the Chiang advocates are supposed to know, is approximately forty-three billion dollars.

All this, of course, is true only for a "limited" war, fought by a friendly army with the "limited" or "budgeted" assistance of the American government.

The G.O.P. Leaders

What really ought to be fortified, in the nation's interest, is the G. O. P. rather than Formosa. For there is something wrong with a two-party system in which one party wins election after election and the other insists on also running to prove that it —it too—is a political party.

In their enthusiasm, the Fair Dealers offer the voters wholesale benefits. The Republicans could answer the sweeping proposals of the welfare state by showing, item by item, how and to

what extent the welfare of certain categories of underprivileged individuals can be improved. Instead, the Republicans think that all they have to do is decry "statism" and denounce as prohibitive the price of practically every item of welfare legislation.

Things have gone so far that at the opening of Congress one of the outstanding Democratic Senators, Paul Douglas, had to pitch in for the absent-minded Republicans and make proposals on how to balance the Federal budget.

May the G. O. P.—which has been, and still has the makings of, a great party—forgive its own leaders, for they know not what they are not doing.

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Correspondence

From Bishop Sheil

To the Editor: It has been my intention since the appearance of the first and subsequent issues of *The Reporter* to write you a few lines expressive of the interest and exhilaration which your socially and politically aware publication has aroused in me.

In a time when sound, clear, and cogent thinking is so badly needed on the issues of the day, *The Reporter* has come forward and offered us a regular, balanced diet of the same.

As you, your staff, and contributors have so well perceived, the fight for civil-rights legislation is shaping up as a national issue unprecedented in its urgency and in the challenge it presents to the integrity of representative government. Your common-sense approach to the problem of civil rights, in recent issues, has been of no little help to us in our thinking about FEPC, for example, here in the State of Illinois.

Please continue to give us the social and political truth on the affairs of the world with courage and clarity and from the perspective of free men everywhere.

BERNARD J. SHEIL, D.D.
Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago

'Stranger's Slant'

To the Editor: My attention was called to your "Gallery of U. S. Streets" by the highly indignant residents of Ada, Ohio, who, if I am not mistaken, are quite prepared to revive an American custom of tar-and-feathering should your reporter, Mr. Bingham, again step foot on any inch of the "mile-and-a-half stretch of State Route 69 where there happen to be houses and buildings." So wrathful were the natives of my home town when I visited there recently that I was provoked to buy the issue of *The Reporter* which contained this "slanderous" sketch.

A first reading dimmed my sympathetic ire. The writer had obviously a reporter's eye and a stranger's slant, with a few minor inaccuracies and perhaps a touch or two of bad taste; but the article was innocuous enough on the whole, and I was at a loss to explain the excited state of humiliated affront.

I reread the account carefully, along with the reports of New York, Kansas City, and Los Angeles, and assured myself that the writer was reasonably objective and had not gone out of his way to slur the residents of the town. For some time I puzzled over the article's reception.

And I am not at all sure that there is an easy answer to the enigma. It has been some fifteen years since I left the town, and in those years I have traveled and studied a good bit throughout the world. In my younger days I laughed with Sinclair Lewis at *Main Street*, and I sweat out the ostracism of Thomas Wolfe by his Asheville neighbors and kin; and not too long ago I attempted a 1,200-page narrative which has yet to see print but which smiled not a little at my native community.

Admittedly, people in Ada, like people in New York, London, Moscow, or anywhere else, are weak at objective analysis. Yet the insinuation of "bleakness and awkwardness" and "pettiness and sterility" is a reflection not so much of a people as it is the immaturity and intellectual provincialism of the observer. "The menace of violence, erupting out of a painfully restrained, largely sexual, craving" is certainly in the approved Hollywood pattern of standardized stereotypes.

But, with somewhat limited space, and meager and apparently bookish experience, there was perhaps little more that Mr. Bingham could accomplish. "Main Street" is drab to Mr. Bingham because he is abysmally ignorant of all but its superficial trappings; he confuses smallness with simplicity, for nowhere in America is life more complex than in our villages.

CHARLES H. WILSON
Maumee, Ohio

[*When Mr. Wilson says, ". . . nowhere in America is life more complex than in our villages," he shows an inclination to generalize. But having printed Mr. Bingham's generalizations, we would be only too happy to receive, in up to 3,000 words, Mr. Wilson's impressions of Ada or any other town he may care to write about.—The Editors*]

Signals Over

To the Editor: On the cover of the December 20, 1949, issue you have made an obvious error, or perhaps the artist carried artistic license too far. Any traffic light I have ever observed always flashes the red or stop signal at the top.

C. JASON TAYLOR
Scranton, Pennsylvania

[*Our faces are redder than the light in question.—The Editors*]

Contributors

Dr. Nicholas Nyárádi, an economist and former Hungarian Minister of Finance, holds the distinction of having been the only Cabinet Minister to vote for participation in the Marshall Plan. He left the country in November, 1948. . . . Marguerite Higgins is the Berlin correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . Paul Vajda has spent fifteen years in the Balkans as correspondent for AP and Reuters, and is known as an outstanding authority on the Danubian countries. . . . Fred Hechinger, a special correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* and the Washington *Post*, is a regular contributor to *The Reporter*. . . . Osgood Caruthers recently returned to the United States after having served for three years as an Associated Press correspondent in Belgrade. . . . Richard Lewis is city editor of the Indianapolis *Times*. . . . Selig Perlman is a professor of economics at the University of Wisconsin. . . . Richard Neuberger is an Oregon state senator who has written extensively on the American Northwest. . . . Edouard Roditi was an interpreter at the Nuremberg trials, and later served with the Allied Control Authority in Berlin. . . . Siegfried Kracauer is the author of *From Caligari to Hitler* and other critical studies on motion pictures. Cover by S. Greco . . . Photographs from Black Star.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

January 31, 1950 Volume 2, No. 3

The Soviet Satellites

Their Tito and Ours	*Max Ascoli*	Page *4*
Six Satellites and an Octopus	*Dr. Nicholas Nyárádi*	*5*
The Barbed-Wire Curtain	*Marguerite Higgins*	*8*
Janos and the Conquerors	*Paul Vajda*	*11*
Deutschland—the Kremlin's Red Hope	*Fred M. Hechinger*	*14*
Macedonia	*Osgood Caruthers*	*17*

Here and Abroad

To Man's Measure . . . Notes on 'The Bicycle Thief'	*Gouverneur Paulding*	*20*
Papers of Paradox The evolution of Louisville's exemplary newspapers	*Llewellyn White*	*22*
Who (or What) Is a Socialist? The Capehart-Jacobs debates left the question moot	*Richard Lewis*	*27*
What Gompers Bequeathed The abiding influence of the AFL's founder	*Selig Perlman*	*29*
Tribulations of a State Legislator The daily life of an Oregon state senator	*Richard L. Neuberger*	*31*
Two Races, One Fear New repressions breed new terror in South Africa	*J. H. Huizinga*	*33*
A Capital Without a Country Bored Berliners seek escape from politics	*Edouard Roditi*	*36*

Books

Deluge of Pictures A review of *From Cave Painting to Comic Strip*	*Siegfried Kracauer*	*39*

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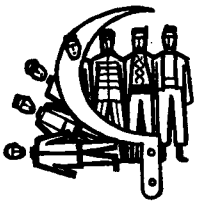
Editorial

Their Tito and Ours



It still hurts, and it will keep hurting as long as the nations of eastern Europe are under Communist oppression. For even worse than being deceived, we were made to look foolish in the eyes of those unfortunate people to whom we promised democracy and who instead got the cruel farce of "people's democracy."

We know quite well now how it all came about. After Russia was attacked by Germany, we thought that the common hostility to Hitler could grow into a permanent bond of amity. We eagerly looked for whatever common denominator we could find between the Communist beliefs and our own; we rejoiced whenever Stalin piously pronounced the word "democracy." Immediately after the war, coalition governments of Communists and democrats were established in all of the liberated European countries, as images of the continuing grand alliance between the Anglo-Saxon democracies and Soviet Russia.

Now, on the European continent, we have allies; Russia has satellites. Our government intervenes in the economics of western European nations to help them become independent of us in the shortest possible time. The Russians relentlessly subordinate the satellite economies to their own national interests. The screw never stops cutting deeper. Totalitarian tyranny is runaway tyranny: It can never slow down or let up.

For our part, by improving the conditions in western Europe, we are forcing the people of the East to realize the wretched oppression under which they have fallen. They may not fully grasp it now, for totalitarianism dampens people's political awareness, and sometimes offers them a physical well-being that the masters can give and take away as they please. But sometimes, when they least expect it, the Russian masters go wrong. Titoism is the warped revolt of people still subject to Communist discipline and yet unable to endure foreign exploitation.

There are no reasons, however, why we should take Tito to our heart simply because, for the time being, he is useful to us and we are to him. We are still paying for having thought, during the war, that the enemies of our enemies were our friends. If we now help Tito withstand the Cominform attack, we would be foolish to forget how wantonly he shot down our fliers in 1946.

In fact, our government should be extremely guarded in endorsing the régimes or the leaders whom the Communist attack puts on our side. In the conduct of international affairs, nothing is more dangerous than the adolescent disposition to rush from acquaintance to flirtation to passion. We should be wary of giving more than conditional or qualified endorsement to foreign political or business groups.

For we too have our Titos in western Europe—the people whose conception of democracy and of business enterprise represents a radical deviation from our own. There are in Europe many political and business leaders who have no interest in reducing costs or improving their national standards of living; there are incorrigible manipulators of international cartels and agreements in restraint of production or trade; there are also the many and still-too-influential petty nationalists who talk "integration" and practice jingoism.

Many more pseudo-democrats are in positions of political and economic power in western Europe than we care to acknowledge; just as more fake Communists are still left in eastern Europe than Russia can ever liquidate. Our government cannot organize purges of fake friends. Sometimes we have to play with shady people, and we can do it safely provided we keep the upper hand and, at the right time, show them the door. Even more frequently we have to realize how difficult it is on the shadowy continent of Europe to draw a sharp line between democrats and anti-democrats, real and fake friends of America.

Yet the more successful we are in gaining real friends and in supporting real democracy in western Europe, the stronger our impact on the East will become. For the European continent is, as perhaps it has never been before, a unit, and every nation, East and West, is moved by the same elementary needs: to receive the greatest possible amount of help and the least possible amount of harm from the two major protagonists of the international struggle; to be free from dependence as well as from oppression. Above all, the people of Europe, East and West, democrats and anti-democrats, want peace and are ready to buy peace at any price, no matter whether the price is adulation of America or submission to Communism.

Our influence over the people of Europe will become unchallenged and irresistible when, on every side, even our false friends and our false enemies are made to realize that America's policy is determined not by sheer antagonism to Russia but by the deliberate will to give the European continent independence and peace.

Actually, destiny is good to us, for we can now repair some of the worst mistakes we fell into during the war, if only we avoid falling into the same mistakes all over again.

—Max Ascoli

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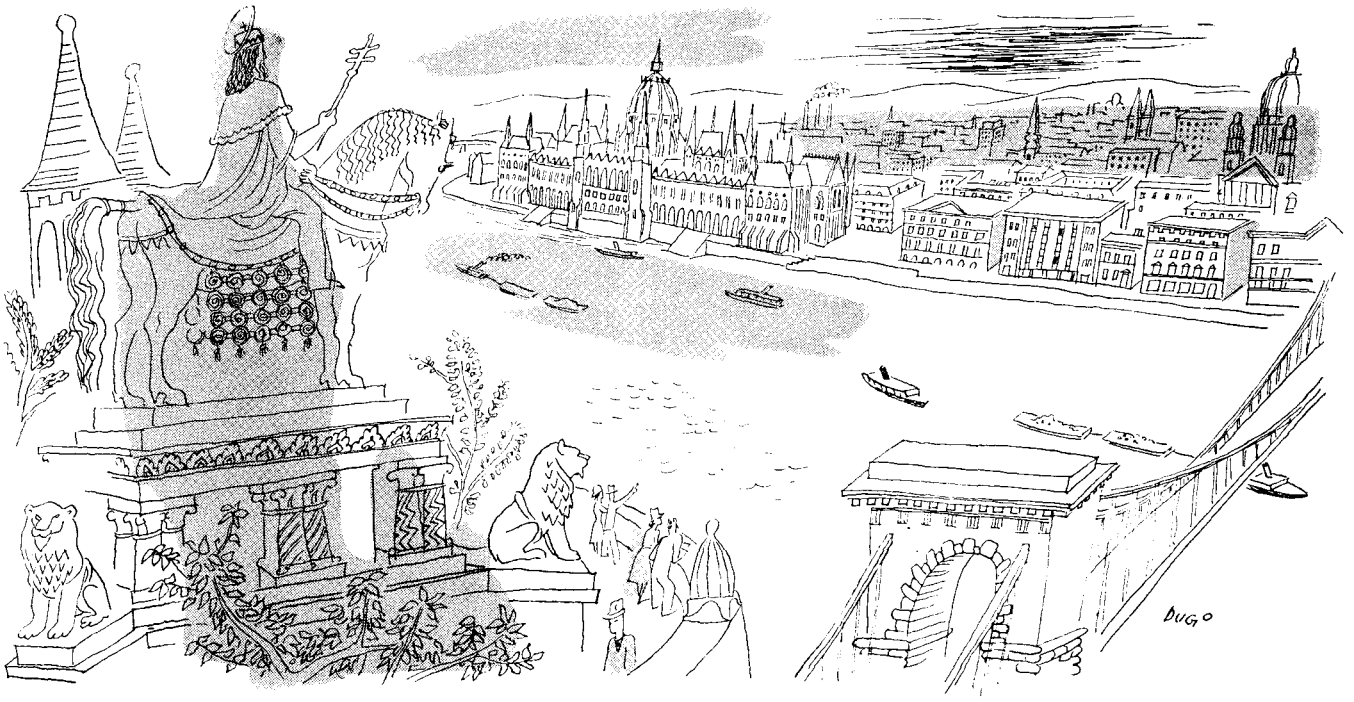

Six Satellites and an Octopus

The former Hungarian Finance Minister describes the applications of the Russian saying, 'Friendship is friendship, business is business'

The economic ties linking the U.S.S.R. to its eastern European satellites resemble not so much two-directional pipe lines as the tentacles of an octopus. The official name of the "business Cominform" is the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance, a misnomer rivalling that of the Holy Roman Empire, which was, the historians say, neither holy, nor Roman, nor an empire. Actually, "mutual assistance" serves as a thin camouflage for a most ruthless form of colonial exploitation.

The breakup of Austria-Hungary in 1919 substituted one variety of political powder keg for another, and shed more economic sparks over an already combustible area. The economies in the old monarchy had dovetailed well: Industrial Bohemia, for example, complemented agricultural Hungary, and created a stable economic bloc. In the years between the world wars, however, ambitions toward economic self-sufficiency led the agricultural states to develop industry, and the industrial ones to emphasize agriculture. That is why the states that are united today in the Cominform are competitive rather than mutually dependent.

Indeed, the similarity of the satellites' economic structures often makes it very difficult for them to deal with each other. In consequence, they have all tended, under Soviet pressure, to deal with Moscow instead of building strong economic relations among themselves.

While the United States, through ERP and subsidiary agencies, has been straining every nerve toward economic unification in western Europe, Soviet Russia has been doing exactly the opposite in eastern Europe. One of Marshal Tito's highest crimes on the long Kremlin indictment was his effort to achieve a measure of unity in one sector of the satellite colonial empire—the Balkans.

As Minister of Finance for Hungary until I made a hasty departure in November, 1948, I witnessed the beginnings of Russia's regular and systematic spoliation of the nations in its orbit. The campaign did not attain its fullest intensity until the Cominform declaration against Tito. All the commercial treaties signed since between the Soviet Union and its satellites have greatly surpassed, in the volume of goods listed, the agreements of previous years. Hungary, for example, is now obliged to reserve for Russia sixty to seventy

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per cent of its industrial exports. The other industrialized satellites—Czechoslovakia and Poland—are forced to do about the same.

The treaties in question did not, at first glance, appear altogether disadvantageous to the satellite signatories: By receiving Soviet raw materials for their processing industries they were able not only to maintain, but even to exceed, prewar levels in certain industrial fields. But there was a catch: The costs of the Russian raw materials were higher than world market prices, and the prices of the finished goods sold to Russia did not often come up to world market prices.

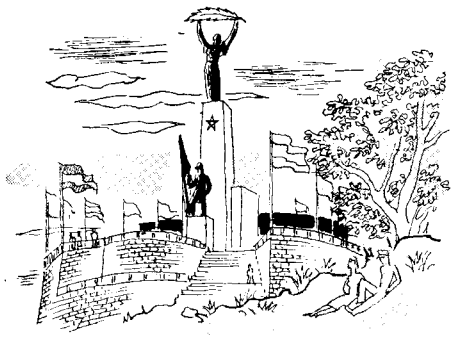
Thus the satellites were drawn into a vicious economic circle. Hungary could not accept large-scale orders from the West for the delivery of locomotives and internal-combustion engines because Hungarian industry was not producing enough to fulfill any obligations besides those laid down in the Russian commercial treaty. Since it couldn't sell to the West, which would have provided the hard currency to buy raw materials on the world markets, Hungary was obliged to buy them from Russia. In this fashion, Russia was—and remains—in a position to fix unilaterally the prices of the goods traded between the satellite countries and itself.

Arbitrary price-fixing is a cardinal part of the reparations policy of the Soviet Union. The original burden has been multiplied by the Kremlin's bizarre estimates of the value of goods delivered as reparations. For a locomotive worth a hundred thousand dollars, the Soviet Union would credit Hungary with only forty thousand dollars in reparations.

Almost certainly, one of the main psychological reasons which led the Russians to build up the economic Cominform was their intense envy of the higher standard of living of the satellites. A Russian general once told me: "It is an unhealthy situation that the standard of living of certain neighbors of the Soviet Union is still relatively higher than that of the Soviet people, who were impoverished by their tremendous war effort."

Before the expulsion of Tito from the Cominform and the formation of the Council of Mutual Economic Assistance, some Communist officials (in the coalition governments that in most satellite nations preceded the total seizure of power by the Reds) attempted to get a few concessions for their countries from Moscow. They usually referred to their common ideology and their deep friendship for the Soviets. The Russian answer was to the point: *"Druzhba-druzhba, sluzhba-sluzhba."* ("Friendship is friendship, business is business.")

In 1947, the Communist leaders of eastern European countries were quite obviously aware of the damage that the Russian policy had done to the Com-



munist cause in eastern Europe. For instance, Mátyás Rákosi, Communist boss of Hungary, bitterly complained to me that the Communists in Hungary would have gotten much more than seventeen per cent of the vote in 1945, and more than 21.6 per cent of the vote in the 1947 elections, if the Russian occupation troops had not committed so many acts of violence against the population.

Once I turned down a Russian demand to create a new Soviet-Hungarian steel company, and threatened to resign if the Cabinet accepted this proposition. To my great surprise, the Communist-controlled majority of the Ministers backed me up.

In May, 1947, the leaders of the two main political parties in Hungary, Prime Minister Ferenc Nagy of the Smallholders, and Deputy Prime Minister Rákosi of the Communists, wanted to send me to Moscow to negotiate over and reduce a $200-million Russian claim against Hungary. I argued that Rákosi, who had spent several years in Russia and was one of the leading figures of the international Communist hierarchy, should be entrusted with this job. His contacts in Moscow, I maintained, would help him obtain Russian concessions that I, a stranger and a "capitalist," could never get.

"Of course," Rákosi said, "as a Hungarian patriot I would like to go to Moscow and fight for a reduction of the Russian claims. As a Communist, however, I am hampered, and it would be much better for the Hungarian cause if you go, for you are completely free to speak and act as you wish."

After Tito had been ousted from the Cominform, the attitude of the Communist leaders in the satellite states suddenly changed. In their fear of being branded Titoists, they blindly obeyed all the Kremlin's instructions. One of the reasons for my resignation was that I saw how the Communist-controlled Hungarian Ministers of Industry and Commerce no longer dared to carry out those articles favorable to Hungary in the agreement I had signed with the Soviet Union in December, 1947.

There is some evidence that Russian officials themselves have difficulty in keeping up with shifts in the party line, and even perhaps that the Soviets almost literally stumbled into their fanatical opposition to the Marshall Plan.

In June, 1947, a few days after Secretary Marshall's pronouncement, I happened to be in the Moscow office of Anastas I. Mikoyan, then Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Union and, as Minister of Foreign Trade, the nominal economic tsar of all the little Russias. Mikoyan was in a mellow mood. "According to my belief," he said, "expanding trade relations between the United States and Hungary will bolster Hungarian economy."

I agreed politely, and, summoning up courage, went somewhat further: "It is indispensable for Hungary to preserve and even strengthen its [Western] relations. Therefore, while I recognize the necessity for Hungary to build up her economic ties with her strongest neighbor, at the same time I should like to emphasize to you my strong intention to keep as many doors and windows open as possible on Hungary's western borders." (Two weeks later, I voted, against Russian pressure and against the Communist Ministerial majority in the Cabinet, *for* Hungarian participation in the Marshall Plan.)

Far from flying into a rage, Mikoyan concurred. "I can assure you," he said, "that the Soviet Union definitely

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has no intention of monopolizing Hungary's or any other country's economy. All we want to achieve is to extend our foreign trade and to co-ordinate our mutual economic interests with our friendly neighbors for the benefit of our peoples. The Soviet Union does not object to Hungary's maintaining good economic, or even political, relations with the West. . . . On the contrary, we sincerely hope that such good relations may eventually not only ease the tension existing between the East and the West in the economic field, but may also have favorable effects in improving the political atmosphere between the two groups."

Mikoyan's statement was surprising —especially in view of the frequent outbursts of Foreign Minister Molotov against "dollar-imperialism"—and I did not know whether to believe him or not. Even today, I am not quite sure whether Mikoyan was lying deliberately or whether this realistic Armenian member of the *Politburo* sincerely believed in some degree of appeasement of the West. I had gotten the definite impression that Mikoyan wanted to show a certain understanding toward the western powers, not because he was less fanatical than any other member of the *Politburo,* but because he knew the West better than any of his colleagues and he could make a shrewder appraisal of the economic advantages to Russia of conciliation.

The fact that a wave of optimism swept over his Ministry in June, 1947, before Molotov ruled out Soviet participation in the Marshall Plan, made me believe that Mikoyan and his staff had entertained certain hopes about the plan. Molotov's statement in Paris probably was like a slap in the face to Mikoyan and his closest collaborators. Those officials, who a few days before had been making plans for rebuilding the Ukraine with U. S. dollars, were frightened into silence after Molotov had expressed the official stand, and never mentioned the Marshall Plan again.

Now, after two and half years of embargoes, disagreements, and threats between East and West, the whole of eastern Europe has become a military camp preparing for an eventual showdown. The economic system backing up these preparations resembles in many ways the Nazis' "New Order." There is one important practical difference. Germany wanted all of Europe's available raw materials in exchange for its industrial products. Russia has reversed this procedure.

Otherwise the pattern is much the same. Indeed, the author of the two systems may be the same man: Dr. Karl Clodius, once all-powerful chief of German foreign trade, who was captured by the Russians in Bucharest in September, 1944. Dr. Clodius, as an outstanding expert on eastern European economy, may well be connected today with the Russian authorities who are responsible for co-ordinating economic policy in the satellite area.

Most observers in the West believe that this policy is planned and carried out mainly by the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade. In Moscow, I got the impression that this ministry is usually carrying out the dictates of a higher authority: the Ministry of the Interior, known by its initials: MVD.

The MVD—the Russian Secret Police—has authority over all the forced laborers of the Soviet Union, and thus to all intents and purposes controls many phases of Russian production.

Its foreign section, the MGB, is entrusted with all tasks concerning economic penetration in foreign countries, espionage and counter-espionage, the supervision of Soviet diplomatic and commercial agencies abroad, as well as the control of all foreigners and foreign interests behind the Iron Curtain. The MGB controls AMTORG and other Soviet trade missions in the free world, as well as the thousands of Russian "specialists" and "technicians" in the Communist-dominated countries.

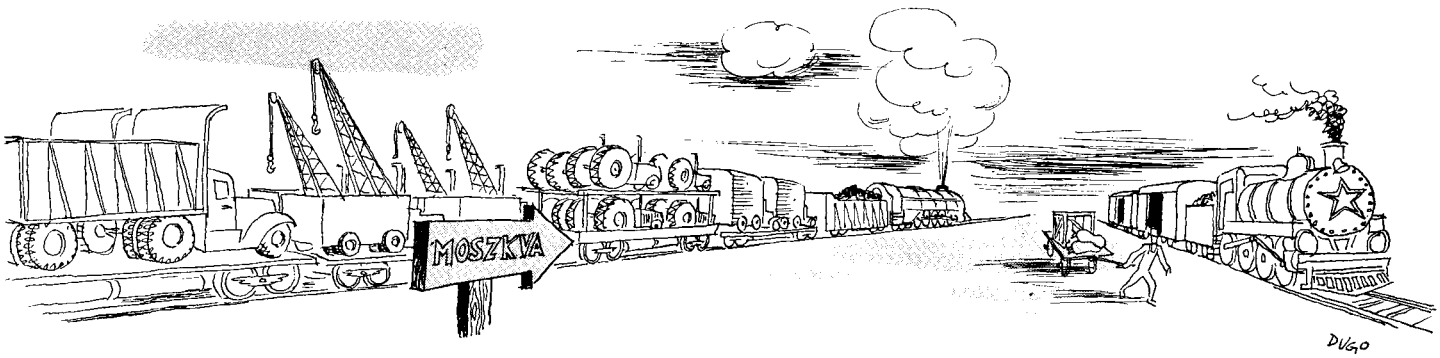
Several MVD generals are also working in the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Trade. Major General Semichasnov is the Deputy Minister in this bureau, and MGB General Sabalyin is in control of all matters concerning reparations payments from the satellite states.

Four-star general V. N. Merkulov is closely connected with the Ministry of Foreign Trade, but, more important, is the head of one of the most powerful Soviet organizations, called GUSIMSK — the directorate of Soviet-owned property abroad.

GUSIMSK is one of the more impressive and potent divisions of the MGB. It is charged with carrying out the Soviet economic penetration of eastern European countries, and controls the key economic positions obtained by Russia through the transfer of former German assets and through the so-called joint enterprises. It directs the scores of technicians and specialists who are being sent to achieve complete Russian control over every phase of the satellites' economic life.

GUSIMSK has practically completed its primary task in eastern Europe, and its aim today is mainly to consolidate and to control the positions already gained. Its situation is quite different, however, in Austria, where the problem of former German assets is still pending, and where GUSIMSK will play an extremely important role after Austria is freed from military occupation. Then GUSIMSK will remain as a strong Russian outpost, in control of the important Soviet-owned sector of Austrian economy.

The Conference of Foreign Min-



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isters has agreed that the Danube Shipping Company and sixty per cent of the oil industry in Austria's eastern zone will remain in Russian hands after the signing of the Austrian treaty. I know from experience how difficult it is for a country to resist the economic pressure and political blackmail of GUSIMSK, unless its government has the strongest moral, economic, and political support.

Last June, the world largely overlooked the importance of a strange incident that occurred in Paris after the closing session of the Foreign Ministers' conference.

At the close of the conference Vishinsky astounded his western colleagues by asking for another meeting. Mr. Acheson rushed back from the airport, and Mr. Bevin from the railway station. Angry and embarrassed, Vishinsky then told his colleagues that he had had a wire from Moscow asking him to change the text of the final statement of the conference. Moscow wanted him to obtain a clear expression of the Soviet Union's uncontested right to transfer to Moscow the dividends from its enterprises in Austria. The western Ministers of course refused to change the final statement, but this incident clearly shows that GUSIMSK was powerful enough to expose even Mr. Vishinsky to a painful situation, when it found it necessary to do so in order to consolidate Russia's position in the Austrian economy.

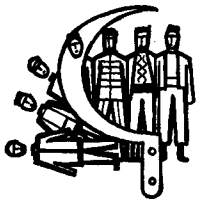
Contrary to the popular and facile impression in the West that the Sovietization of the satellites is a *fait accompli*, this process is far from being completed. The illusion that it has been completed plays into Soviet hands, undermines anti-Soviet morale in the satellite countries, and generally weakens the position of the West in the cold war. On the other hand, it is equally dangerous to believe, as many do, that the same techniques of Sovietization currently being used in the satellite countries cannot be extended beyond them.

The fact is that through GUSIMSK and other instruments the Soviets are attempting to apply the same techniques in both Austria and Berlin, and, in a much looser sense, wherever the sub-agencies of GUSIMSK are operating throughout the world.

—DR. NICHOLAS NYÁRÁDI

The Barbed-Wire Curtain

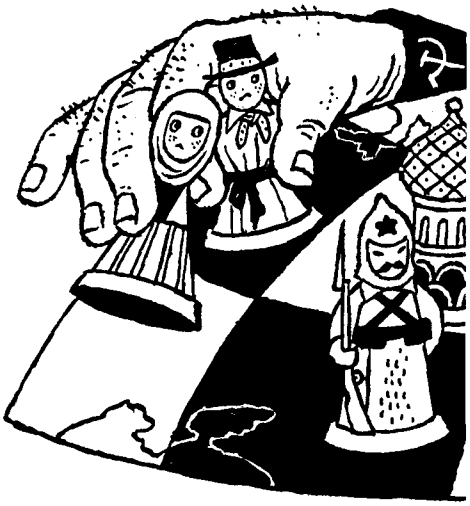
The Russians are rapidly building up a powerful buffer area against the West



On November 7, 1949, Red Army Day, Marshal Konstantin Rokossovsky of the Soviet Union was appointed to take over the Polish Ministry of Defense. This stands as the most undisguised move yet in the Soviet drive to consolidate its power in eastern Europe, but it was not a surprising one. For the most important recent shift in Russia's satellite policy has been the abandonment of earlier attempts to allow at least token shows of national independence and representative democracy in eastern Europe, as prescribed in the Yalta and Potsdam agreements. The Russians are now completing the creation of the proletarian dictatorships that will consolidate eastern Europe as a neat grouping of one-party states. In an article by the Russian author F. T. Konstantinov—published last September in the Red Army newspaper *Taegliche Rundschau* in Berlin—one finds two key sentences: "In the present historic situation the régime of the people's democracies can and must practice with success the functions of the dictatorship of the proletariat. . . . The régime of the people's democracies and the Soviet order are analogous in the most important and essential points."

Just three years ago such countries as Poland were putting up a show of holding "free and unfettered" elections in an effort to convince the world that they were living up to pledges of becoming representative democracies. But ever since the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia, consolidation of Soviet power has been intensified. This consolidation can be divided into three groupings: ideological measures (viz: the recent purges); economic ones; and security and military measures.

The Soviet speed-up in military and security fields became most marked this spring and summer. In early spring, American intelligence began getting reliable reports that anti-tank ditches fifteen feet in width were being dug across all unguarded road crossings between Czechoslovakia and the American Zone of Germany; that miles of barbed wire were being strung along the border; and that guard towers were being erected at nine-hundred-



foot intervals and equipped with machine guns and searchlights. Some of the wire, it was later learned, is electrified.

The most dramatic step taken by the Czech Communist government was to lay mine fields over a border area twenty kilometers in length. The zone chosen was one over which many refugees from the Communist régime had been able to make their escape because the heavily wooded terrain was hard to guard successfully. After this drastic tightening of the borders, officials of

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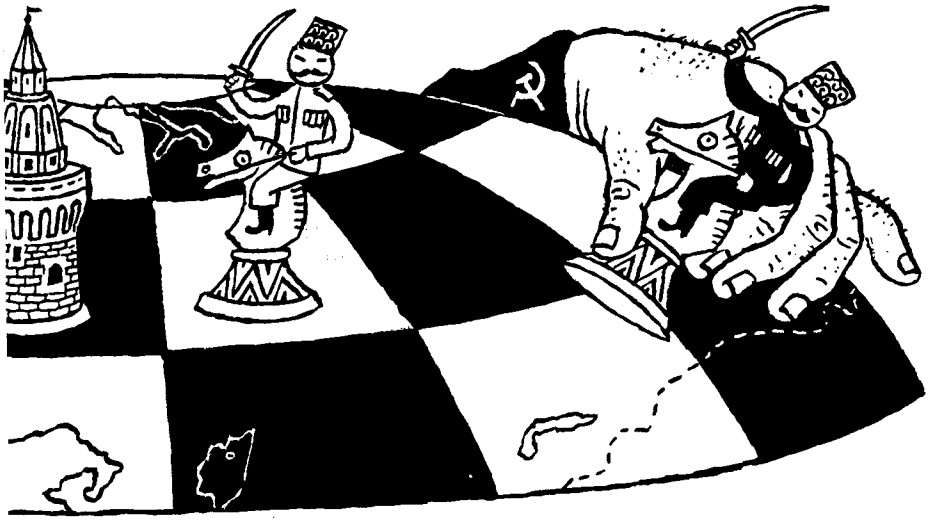
the Czechoslovakian committee in exile, with headquarters in Frankfurt, told this correspondent that "it has become almost as difficult to get out of Czechoslovakia as to flee a concentration camp."

Field fortifications similar to those in Czechoslovakia have been erected in western Poland, undoubtedly to close the "green frontier" over which so many Polish political refugees, including Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, fled to the West. Barbed wire has been strung up along the Hungarian border where it touches Austria.

This determination to seal off East from West has also been evident in the Soviet Zone of Germany. Deserters from the Red Army have told interrogators that the MVD (Soviet secret police) units along the border have been greatly reinforced. Trenches and other field fortifications have been set up in many areas along the border between east and west Germany.

As the satellites last spring and summer were turning the figurative Iron Curtain into a literal one, there occurred a new wave of forced deportations to the Russian interior of so-called "ideologically unreliable elements" from the satellite territories and areas just inside Russia's western frontiers.



There is nothing fundamentally new in the Soviet policy of transferring border populations to the interior. Between the two world wars this was done on a large scale in many outlying areas of Russia. With the westward expansion of the Soviet sphere, the Soviets naturally encountered vast new groups of potentially hostile persons, and they applied to the eastern Europeans the same solution as they had to their own people. They simply transplanted them.

Although these deportations have been going on since the war ended, little has so far been written about them. Today new information about Soviet forced transfers is being brought in daily by refugees.

From these sources, and from their own agents, British and American intelligence headquarters have deduced that at least three million people have been uprooted from the satellite countries and western Russia since 1945. The moves have affected populations ranging from the Baltic to the southern Caucasus region in the Near East.

Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, the formerly independent republics taken over by the Soviets in 1940, have certainly been the hardest hit. Barbara Castle, the British representative on the United Nations Social Commission, claims that more than a million and a half persons have been moved out of these countries. Western intelligence agencies believe that these figures are slightly high, but admit the transfers are continuing.

In midsummer, for instance, more than fifty thousand Latvians were sent on their way in the space of a few weeks. The victims were, according to reliable reports, mainly members of the intelligentsia or the bourgeoisie.

In June an even swifter evacuation took place in the Soviet Republic of Georgia, just north of the Turkish frontier. The people were Greeks, some of whose ancestors had settled there in the Middle Ages. At 4 A.M. on June 14, about seventeen thousand of these Greeks were ordered into waiting freight cars reportedly destined for central Asia. They had only a few hours' notice, and were not permitted to take anything except their clothing.

Because of the Soviet tension with Yugoslavia, the incident caused a furor at the time. Rumors of impending Soviet troop movements spread widely. But finally it became apparent that the deportations were merely part of the usual Soviet pattern.

Another site of such mass transfers was Soviet Bessarabia, on the western border of the Russian Ukraine.

Although the Polish government claims to have abolished the country's traditional anti-Semitism, thousands of Jews have been sent to the Soviet Union. A member of the Polish mission in Berlin says that these deportations were being carried out "not because [the deportees] are Jews, but because they are cosmopolites." This means, he explains, that they put loyalty to race or religion above the priority goal of building a socialist society.

Whatever the cause, the threat of deportation has brought on a new rush of Jewish refugeees from Poland. Jews belonging to the Social Democratic Party form a great proportion of this exodus. The head of the International Relief and Rescue Committee in Munich told me in September that a new underground has already sprung up to save these Jews from transport eastward. An ever-increasing number of the Jewish refugees have been turning up at the doors of the relief agency.

From the reports that leak back, it would seem that almost all the deportees have the same fate; they are sent to work camps in central Asia, the Urals, or Siberia.

In the case of really big transfers of population, such as in the Baltic zone and southern Georgia, Soviet policy is to repopulate the area with Soviet Russians of proven loyalty. Königsberg, in what was formerly Germany's East Prussia, has been thoroughly Russianized, renamed Kaliningrad, and turned into a fortress. All the Germans were evicted a long time ago, and the city itself is considered so strategic that, according to Red Army deserters, even Soviet citizens cannot enter or leave without special permits.

From the Soviet point of view, the

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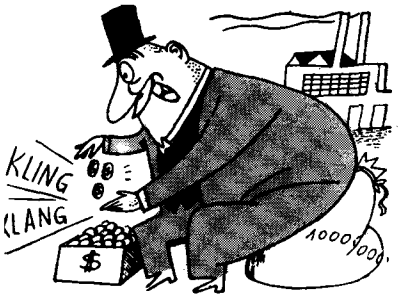
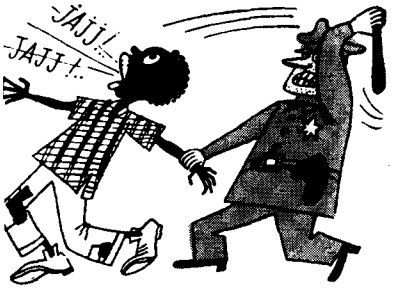
Satellite Sound-Effects

A cartoon spread that appeared in the Hungarian paper Ludas Matyi *on Oct. 27, 1949, under the heading, 'This, too, is The Voice of America'*



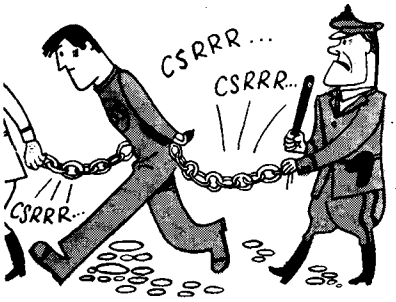
A harácsolt pénz csörgése.

(The tinkling of usurped money.)



Az üldözött néger jajkiáltása.

(The wailing of the persecuted Negro.)



Politikai foglyok bilincseinek csörrenése.

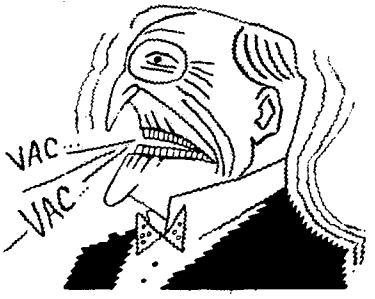
(The clanking of political prisoners' chains.)

A munkanélküliek gyomorkorgása.

(The rumbling of the stomachs of the unemployed.)

A gengszter revolverének dörrenése

(The reports of a gangster's pistols.)



Truman fogvacogása, amikor a békefront erősödésére gondol.

(The chattering of Truman's teeth when he thinks of the strengthening of the peace-front.)

deportation policy is both logical and wise. For Bolshevist Russia is determined that potentially dangerous elements of the population will simply not be permitted to exist near borders that are sensitive spots in the cold war and will be even more sensitive in the event of a hot one.

Right after the war ended, the Soviets moved warily with regard to strengthening the satellite armies, not only for international reasons, but because eastern Europe was itself untrustworthy. But after purges in armies and governments, the Russians changed their attitude. In the summer of 1949 the Soviets showed a markedly increased willingness to furnish reasonably up-to-date arms to eastern Europe.

Most western observers are still convinced that Russia will push eastern European rearmament only to the extent of developing buffer forces. The Russians, in other words, will always make sure these forces are a shade weaker than the Red Army, which will retain ultimate direction. The Russians have a neat system for keeping control. This is simply to train eastern European troops in the use of weapons which, at the end of the training, are returned to Russian hands. Last summer Czech pilots were taught to fly new Russian jet planes, and then the Russians took their planes home. This procedure—despite its obviously unsatisfactory aspects, such as lack of continued practice—makes very certain that no satellite can turn against its distrustful eastern "ally."

The average increase in eastern European armed strength over the last year has averaged about twenty-five per cent, American military experts estimate. The collective armed might (including quasi-military police) is now placed at around 1,020,000. It should be pointed out, however, that as late as September the western allies were still convinced that the satellites, singly or collectively, were not yet in a position to wage modern aggressive warfare. How strong the satellites will be when Marshals Rokossovsky in Poland and Bulganin in Bulgaria are through training their respective armies is something else again.

Intensive recruiting campaigns began throughout eastern Europe a year ago. In the spring and early summer these nations began to grapple

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with their toughest problem — the training of officers. The frenzy with which satellite nations are searching for officer material is best illustrated in Hungary. Early in the summer, Hungary started combing its prisons for officers who had served in the Hungarian Fascist Army. American diplomats in Hungary say that a considerable number of ex-Fascist officers have recently been reprieved, just as ex-Nazis in east Germany have been permitted to join the para-military "People's Police."

Armaments for eastern Europe still come partly from Russia, but Czechoslovakia is now producing vast quantities of them on Russian specifications. Since the coup, the Skoda works, for instance, has set unprecedented post-war production records. The shortage of consumer goods in Czechoslovakia is, according to the American Embassy, one direct result of the fact that the country's resources have been poured on a large scale into munitions—by order of the Kremlin.

Bulgaria and Romania, with forces of 212,000 and 213,000 respectively, have already exceeded the armament levels permitted by their peace treaties with the Allies. Romania is reported to have the most ambitious program in eastern Europe. Escaped members of the Romanian armed forces say that the target is an army of no less than three hundred thousand. If one keeps in mind Communist fears of capitalist attack, and recalls Marxist doctrine, the pattern of events in eastern Europe falls into an understandable sequence.

I well remember how I asked the Soviet officer who was editor of the *Taegliche Rundschau* last summer whether he thought the satellites would ever be incorporated into the Soviet Union. "Why don't you read Stalin's book, *Problems of Leninism?*" he asked with a smile.

I did. I read that Russia could not feel safe until the revolution was victorious in at least several countries. It is my guess that the satellites will not be "incorporated," but that one day, if there is no war, they will, one by one, voluntarily ask the Soviet "Motherland" for formal affiliation. Then the period of Soviet consolidation of power in eastern Europe will have reached its culmination. —MARGUERITE HIGGINS

Janos and the Conquerors

A portrait of one of the forty million peasants engulfed in the transformation of eastern Europe

I first knew Janos Balogh when he turned up as my orderly in the Austro - Hungarian Army in 1914. He was a typical Magyar peasant boy of nineteen, wiry and active, willing and reliable. For two years he served beside me with unshakable loyalty, and when I was wounded on the Russian Front Janos refused to leave me until they got me into a hospital. By the time I recovered he had been wounded and captured. That was in 1917. Then one evening in 1920 I answered a knock on the door of my Budapest apartment. There stood a dark, emaciated youth in a civilian coat and battered army pants.

"Lieutenant, I am back," Janos said. "I have been on the way from Siberia for six months. Most of the way I walked."

He had clicked his heels, standing at attention, but when I grabbed him in my arms his military propriety dissolved into warm delight. Janos pulled the rucksack off his back excitedly. We had very little food in Budapest in those days; it was the time of the White Terror that followed the Béla Kun revolution. Janos extracted eggs and flour—real flour—and then two chickens. He was still the perfect orderly.

"The Bolsheviks have gone mad," Janos told me. "Everywhere people are killed. I hate all this killing and bloodshed. If the Bolsheviks ever come here I will fight them. I have seen too much murder. I cannot stand it. They have no respect for human life."

I remember how he emptied himself of the bitterness of his memories that night; how suddenly he became gay again and we sang some of the old songs. Then how he told about his return to his village; how the crops were growing once more on his father's farm. He would take it over now, he said, because his father was too old. Janos had found his young wife waiting. Of course I promised to visit them.

It was a small village; just a few-score thatched houses huddled together on a gentle slope looking down from a distance of three miles upon the serene expanse of Lake Balaton.

Over the years, four sons and three daughters were born to Janos and Mariska. From sunrise to sunset was Janos's working day, and that of his sons from their mid-teens onward. Mostly they raised wheat and produced wine in the vineyard; pastured a few cows; raised and butchered a litter of pigs; had their own chickens and a few geese.

Those were the good years. Often I sat down as honored guest to Sunday dinners at the Baloghs'. Mariska's Sunday special was roast chicken or roast duck. Always, of course, there were unlimited amounts of Janos's own white and red wine, in big earthen pitchers. When soup was served, Janos bowed his head, and so did all the others, while he said grace and Mariska's wonderful home-baked bread was blessed. After that it was a fete day in honor of "the lieutenant."

When the red-wine pitcher had been refilled—or when we sometimes carried it up the hill to the vineyard above the thatched house—Janos told me about his crops and problems; about the village gossip, and about the endless struggle of the Smallholders Party, of which he was a member.

The Smallholders were fighting for land for hundreds of thousands of Hungary's landless peasants; and for

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another five or eight acres for a legion of small farmers who had been living at the subsistence level all their lives. The feudal landlords had controlled the government in Budapest for generations, but Janos clung to the conviction that the struggle for agrarian reform could yet be won.

In 1939, Hitler invaded Poland, and by 1941 all four of Janos's sons were mobilized. Like their father before them, young Janos and Jozsef were sent to the Russian Front. Unlike their father, they never returned. Meanwhile the Nazi puppet, Ferenc Szálasi, had been put into power in Budapest.

Peter and Andras, the remaining two sons, wanted nothing further to do with the Nazis, and came home. They went into hiding in the vineyard, until one day the two were picked up by the "Nyilas," the Hungarian Fascist police, and never seen again.

It was a terrible blow to Janos and Mariska, but Janos was not a man given to despair. All he said to his wife was *"Csalánba nem üt a menyko,"* which means that "the nettle cannot perish by lightning." So he began to sabotage the régime in a peasant's way: He buried all his surplus wheat and corn and drove his cattle into the vineyard. The Nazis searched for food, but the village yielded none.

Then came the evacuation order. The villagers were told to pack up their belongings and move into Austria before the advancing Russians. Only ten compromised pro-Nazi "Nyilas" fled to the west. The rest of the population would not budge.

First came the retreating Germans, who plundered the village thoroughly, driving away most of the livestock. Then the village was bombed both by the Germans and the Russians. Tank battles were fought in the fields, and after that there was house-to-house fighting.

The villagers prayed for a Russian victory. When they did come, the Soviet troops looted the community of whatever was left, and raped many of the women.

Janos and Mariska were tired and apathetic. They were invited to join the Communist Party, but Janos would not hear of it. The first postwar elections gave the Smallholders Party an absolute majority—on paper.

A radical land reform was ordered by the Russian overlords. Janos was skeptical about it, but many landless peasants believed in it. The feudal land of the local count was seized and broken up into small lots. But there was not enough farm equipment to satisfy the many claimants.

Since there were no oxen or horses left, the villagers bought back some of their own from the Russians in exchange for brandy and watches. The few Communists in the village encouraged them, and there was no real trouble until some time later.

Then Janos was declared a *"zsiros paraszt,"* as kulaks were called in Hungary, and the régime began to squeeze him for higher taxes.

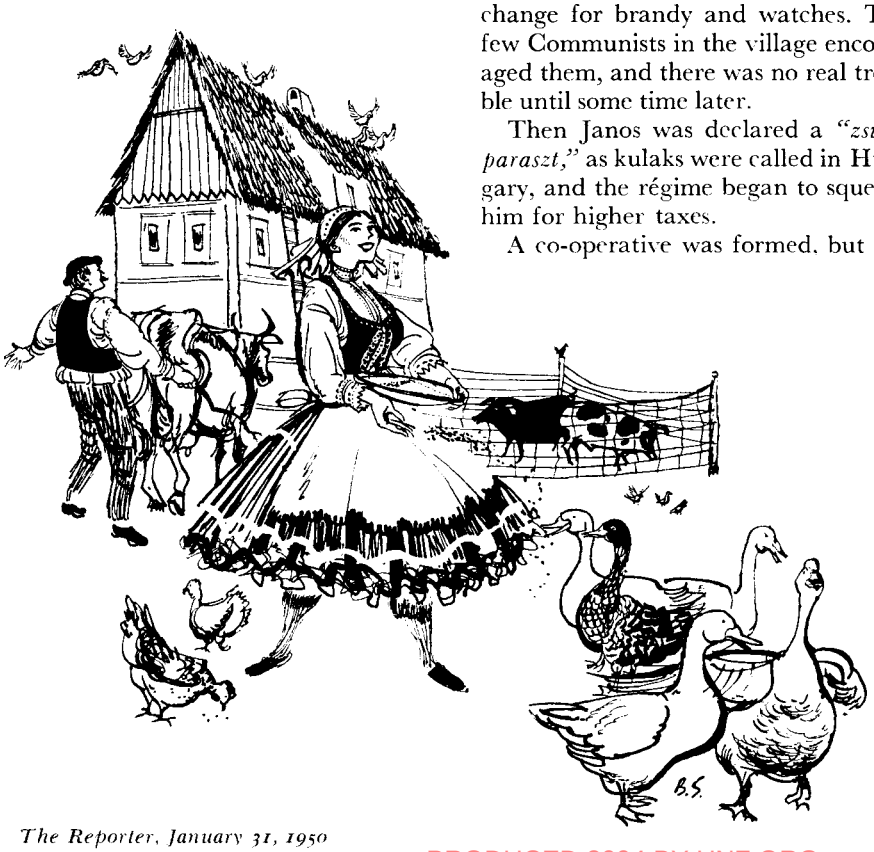
A co-operative was formed, but Janos was unwilling to join it. He knew that the idea was to turn the farms into collectives, and he did not want to make it that easy for the Communists. Agitators turned up every so often from the capital and began to propagandize for the "voluntary" formation of kolkhozes.

Janos became morose; but he worked harder than ever, and managed to pay the exorbitant taxes and deliver the produce exacted from him.

"They can't break me," he said to Mariska. They went to church more often, because this gave Janos an opportunity to demonstrate his hatred for the Communist bosses.

Many of the "kulaks" were picked up by the police and beaten. At first they tried to resist, but they were soon overpowered. Janos also was manhandled, but he was only laid up for about two weeks. He was now ready for a showdown. There were a number of spies among the villagers. Janos and his friends knew who some of them were, and managed to waylay and beat them as they came out of the inn one night.

Endre Kiss, the village scrivener, was the underground's organizer. He had strolled into the village one summer about twenty years before and stayed there because he liked the wine. He lived in a small cottage, earning his keep by filling out tax returns, and during the war by writing love letters to the boys in the army for their sweethearts. A bearded man who wore peasant clothes, he was an ardent Smallholders Party member. One day he was also picked up. But this time it was a Russian patrol that came for him. He has not been heard of.



I have heard from Janos recently. He is now the hero of the village.

A few months ago the Hungarian government floated a "voluntary" loan. Janos was visited by a drummer accompanied by the Communist mayor. This time Janos flew into a temper and began to shout. "I won't subscribe a fillér! I've lost all the war loan I signed for during the first war . . ." His name was then inscribed by the Communists on the so-called *"szégyentábla"* or Billboard of Shame, which was carried all over the village and finally hung up on the wall of the town hall. This went on for weeks, until Mariska went to see the mayor. "How much are

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you willing to subscribe?" was his first question. They agreed on five hundred forints, roughly equivalent to fifty dollars. Janos's name is now "clear," but the whole village looks up to him for his resistance.

Things have changed in the village since I last visited it. The peasants do not work their fields with enthusiasm any more. True, there is only one small collective farm in the community so far, but the farmers are wary, prepared for every eventuality. They act as stupid as possible when Communist officials descend on them.

Some of the "saboteurs" are thrown into jail or driven off to labor camps, but they come back after a while. Even Communists must eat.

Janos went to jail for six months, and came back again. His taxes are now higher than before, although he is getting less for his produce. The state machine stations no longer send tractors to plow for him; the threshing machine avoids his farm. Mariska is back at the old flail; she whirls it viciously, her thoughts on the Communists.

Janos is in trouble again. Since his sons are dead and he can no longer spray his vines, he has uprooted them. Soon he will be tried for sabotage. When I last saw him he was still full of hope, and sang to me his favorite song "Let the horse worry—his head is big enough." Janos will survive his prison sentence. He is tough. But the vineyard, which many generations have cultivated and developed, is gone. Janos, my old friend, will no longer take me there for a drink; we shall never again sit on the hillock overlooking the distant silvery waters of Lake Balaton. I shall not forget his parting words: "You know, I feel as if nothing can ever happen to us so long as we look far ahead; we must look even farther than the lake. This is not the first time that Hungary has been overrun by the Tartar. Some day he will be pushed back. Even if I am not here, my grandchildren will be. It will happen, believe me."

The Baloghs are but one family among some forty million peasants now under Communist domination throughout satellite Europe. Like Janos, the majority of these peasants resist collectivization. Wholesale "liquidation of the kulaks" lies somewhere ahead.

—PAUL VAJDA

Progress of a 'People's Democracy'

The Promise

YALTA, FEBRUARY 11, 1945: "The Provisional Government which is now functioning in Poland should . . . be reorganized on a broader democratic basis with the inclusion of democratic leaders from Poland itself and from Poles abroad. . . . This Polish Provisional Government of National Unity shall be pledged to the holding of free and unfettered elections as soon as possible on the basis of universal suffrage and secret ballot. In these elections all democratic and anti-Nazi parties shall have the right to take part . . ."

POTSDAM, AUGUST 2, 1945: "We have taken note with pleasure of the agreement reached among representative Poles from Poland and abroad which has made possible the formation, in accordance with the decisions reached at the Crimea Conference, of a Polish Provisional Government of National Unity recognized by the Three Powers. . . . The Three Powers note that the Polish Provisional Government of National Unity . . . has agreed to the holding of free and unfettered elections as soon as possible on the basis of universal suffrage and secret ballot in which all democratic and anti-Nazi parties shall have the right to take part and to put forward candidates, and that representatives of the Allied press shall enjoy full freedom to report . . . upon developments in Poland before and during elections."

The Fulfillment

JUNE 21, 1945: A Moscow court convicts twelve of sixteen Polish leaders on charges of underground activity against the U.S.S.R.

AUGUST 20, 1946: A U. S. note charges the government with curtailing democratic activity and with irregularity in a referendum held on June 30.

NOVEMBER 22, 1946: Poland receives separate notes from the U. S. and Britain recalling the Yalta pledge of "free and unfettered" elections.

JANUARY 19, 1947: A general election is held. Results: Government bloc, 394 seats; Peasant Party, 28; Catholic Work Party, 12; others, 10.

JANUARY 28, 1947: The U. S. State Department issues a press release stating that the Polish government employed coercion against democratic elements, and that the Yalta and Potsdam agreements have not been fulfilled.

OCTOBER 24, 1947: Peasant Party leader Mikolajczyk escapes from Poland.

FEBRUARY 7, 1948: The Peasant Party joins the Communist coalition.

MARCH 18, 1948: Socialist leader announces proposed merger of Socialist Party into a single party with the Communists.

NOVEMBER 7, 1949: Russian Marshal Rokossovsky named Marshal of Poland and Minister of National Defense.

DECEMBER 9, 1949: Boleslaw Bierut, Chairman of the Central Committee, United Workers' Party of Poland, writes in the Cominform newspaper: "It is necessary to end rotten liberalism and to be more strict, morally and ideologically. . . . Our conception of a People's Front has always been that the working class and its Party are the guiding force. Any other conception of a People's Front is detrimental and opportunist."

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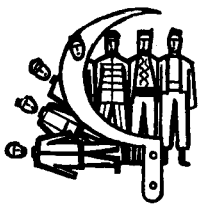
Deutschland—the Kremlin's Red Hope

The revival of Germany with Russian aid and the realistic U. S. policy toward Tito may both help weaken the U. S. S. R. in eastern Europe



In the days immediately after the war, when the Soviet Union was building up its empire of satellites to the deadpan tune of anti-imperialist propaganda, most U. S. representatives in eastern Europe were acting like innocents abroad. The Communists charged that they were hatching an imperialist plot; reactionaries at home said they were conspiring with the Communists. Both accusations were, of course, pure nonsense. What really gave Russia a clear field was the naivete of many American liberals, and the defeatism (often expressed in the theory of "inevitable" war) of many American conservatives. The effect of that mixture was the paralysis of American initiative and an easy victory for Russia in what otherwise might have been a very difficult undertaking.

The American innocents started with the supposition that the magic word "democracy" would fight its own battle. They believed that the promise of free speech and free elections—and an account of the possessions of U. S. workers and farmers—would be enough to make democrats of any people and to defeat the totalitarian Communists. Actually, of course, such propaganda offered no remedies for the immediate problems of eastern Europe and no guarantees against its most immediate fear, which remained Germany.

The innocents failed to consider that the word "democracy" could be exploited unscrupulously by others. At Yalta the Russians merely asked that the eastern countries be turned into democracies friendly to the Soviet Union. When the western powers agreed, the U.S.S.R. proceeded to "make" these nations "friendly"—i.e. satellite. It did not, however, occur to the U. S. government that these countries could well be expected to be friendly toward the West at the same time, and so the United States did not bother actively to court such "friendliness."

Active courtship would have included the immediate support of all democratic elements against all totalitarian influences, including the respectable anti-democrats of the prewar days. It would also have involved vigorous backing of essential social reforms. It would, above all, have meant offering eastern Europe security against political, military, and economic domination by Germany. Instead, James F. Byrnes, our Secretary of State, made a public speech in Stuttgart, which, rightly or not, was interpreted by East and West alike to mean that the United States favored the restoration of Germany as the center of European gravity. Liberal elements in the U. S. government, meanwhile, ducked out of the problem of abetting social reform in eastern Europe, on the ground that, since the people there had never known a democratic régime anyway, the Soviets might as well do the job.

In those days an American correspondent returning from any of the satellite countries was in a curious position. If he reported that there was still a chance for co-operation with the democratic parties in Poland or Czechoslovakia (before the February, 1948, coup in the latter) he was the object of suspicious glances. The Iron Curtain had been drawn, he was told, and everyone in a responsible position behind it was either a Communist or a fellow traveler.

A vocal minority, powerfully represented in the American press, publicized this viewpoint. These defeatists imagined the Iron Curtain before it really existed. They gave Russia a green light in eastern Europe by saying in effect that democracy had been written off before it had actually died. The theory of an inevitable Iron Curtain helped make the Iron Curtain inevitable, just as the theory of inevitable war helps make war inevitable. Anyone who suggested measures of peaceful co-operation in eastern Europe—even with anti-Communist, democratic elements—ran the risk of being charged with appeasement.

Actually Prague and, to a lesser extent, Warsaw were then still free cities. In Warsaw, I obtained interviews with Socialist and Agrarian members of the government, although the Communists had tried to prevent them from talking.

If the United States had attempted "democratic infiltration" at that stage, it still would have been comparatively easy, and might have been fruitful.

But many U. S. diplomats objected to dealing with any eastern European party whose political views were to the left of Herbert Hoover's. When Dr. Eduard Benes, confronted by the treason of his own Cabinet, was blackmailed into signing away Czech democracy, he was actually the victim of a squeeze-play between Russia and America. If he resisted the demands of the Communists—as he said in a secret address to the Communist Ministers—he would have run a real risk of civil war. The Communists were, of course, assured of

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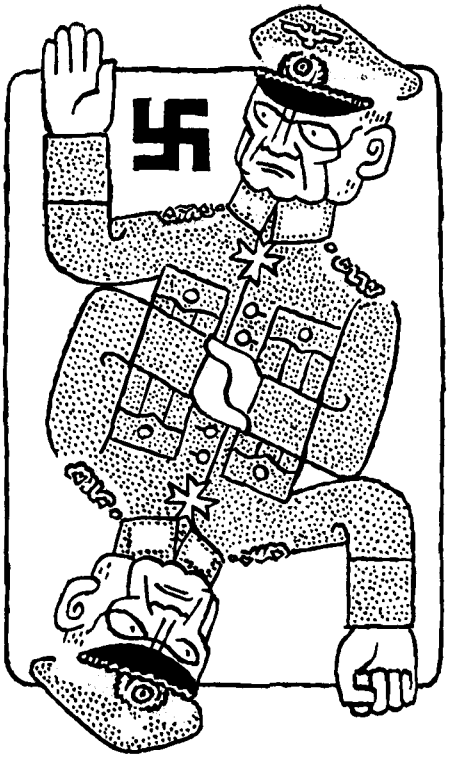
active support by the Red Army; Dr. Benes had nobody to rely on, except his own party of National Socialists, for the prevalent American formula was "Socialist equals Communist."

Thus the United States, by its lack of realism, made it easier for the Soviet Union to take over the satellites. But the lion's share of the credit must, of course, be conceded to the planning and plotting of the Russian leaders. In their master-plan, Germany played the central role from the outset. The tipoff was Russia's violent opposition to the inclusion of France among the occupying powers. At Yalta the Soviet leaders again and again made it plain that they did not want to replace a strong Germany with a strong France. Since no continental power except a strong France could ever hope to neutralize Germany, it is evident that Russia even then was determined to use a satellite Germany as the most direct means of ensuring Russian control of Europe.

Obviously the small nations of Europe, including the eastern satellites, were going to object to any such project. But Stalin and Molotov made it quite plain at Yalta that the small nations would not be asked what they wanted, nor be told what Russia planned. (Indeed, Molotov once suggested irritably that the representatives of the United States stop worrying about public opinion and start telling the people what they were to do.) It was not surprising when eastern purges, arrests, and sentences soon began to thin the ranks of the democratic leaders in eastern Europe: They were labeled "fascists," although most of them were members of the various anti-Communist socialist parties that Americans mistakenly lumped together with the Reds.

All this time—while they were steadily working for the creation of a satellite Germany—the Russians carefully exploited the small nations' fear of Germany and the obvious failure of the Americans to "democratize" their zone. In spite of the memory of Nazi-Soviet collaboration, this propaganda tune was effective, largely because the German record in eastern Europe was so horrible, the scars left there by the Germans so bloody and painful, and the blackout of Russia's real intentions toward Germany so tightly drawn. But by autumn of 1948 some light began



to fall on the Russian intrigue to tilt the power balance.

Reports began to drift in from eastern Germany that the Russians were quietly sponsoring a movement for a strong and unified German nation. To do this without creating suspicion and hostility in the satellite belt, the U.S.S.R. had to pursue a two-faced, two-voiced policy. Satellite newspapers continued to be fed material which portrayed Russia as the protector of eastern Europe against Germany; simultaneously, Russian-licensed papers in Germany were campaigning for revision of the German frontiers. They were quiet about the eastern Oder-Neisse line, but they emphatically supported German claims to the Saar, and at every opportunity demanded the withdrawal of the western powers, particularly the French.

In the course of 1949, it became increasingly clear that Germany—the eastern part at first, the rest later—was being groomed for the role of Satellite No. 1. Nazis began to be reinstated in their old positions and promoted to better ones, provided they made no fuss about switching from one dictatorship to another. The People's Police became the nucleus for an armed force, and the banners it carried around the cities documented the suspicions of many that the difference between National Socialism and National Communism was mostly a matter of nomenclature.

While Dr. Benes was being given a state funeral by the Communist government in Prague, newspapers in the Soviet Zone of Germany referred to him as a "murderer" of "innocent Sudeten Germans." Apparently the Soviet authorities agreed with those German sentiments. Some well-informed Germans, on the other hand, had noted that Karl Kreibich, chief ideologist for the present Czech régime, used to be a Sudeten German senator; that Evzen Erban, currently Minister of Social Welfare, was at one time secretary-general of a German-sponsored labor movement; and that Vaclav Kopecky, the Minister of Information, had on February 23, 1933, reproached Hitler for his failure to "liberate" the Sudeten Germans from the Czech republic. (Kopecky had spoken then for the small nations' "right of self-determination," a slogan still used widely by Soviet propagandists, although Soviet leaders at Yalta opposed the small countries' rights in the United Nations.) Even within Czechoslovakia, the Communist hierarchy prepared for things to come by admitting into the party so many persons who had collaborated with the Germans that the Communists became popularly known as the "immunists."

To explain away the speed-up in the satellization of eastern Germany, the Soviets began to pepper the satellite countries with alarmist diatribes against the west German government. Actually that speed-up became inevitable when the Communist timetable in France and Italy was upset, and especially when the whole structure of satellite solidarity was shaken by Tito's "desertion." Tito's attractiveness to satellite Communists who feared Russo-German collaboration became a serious factor for the *Politburo* to contend with. One way it contended with it was by promoting German aims even more vigorously.

In a gigantic power-political game of this sort, an open switch of strategy calls for new security measures, particularly the protection of the rear. The Kremlin promptly charged Red Army Marshal Konstantin K. Rokossovsky with the "defense" of Poland. Polish territory thereby became little more

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than a zone of communications between Russia and Germany, ready to function as such whenever the Russians decide to withdraw from eastern Germany. Few would be surprised if by that time the German "Army of Liberation" should show up again (it and its commander, General von Paulus, have been missing since Stalingrad) to supplement the People's Police with its élite *Bereitschaften*.

The only reason why no official change of command has taken place in Prague is that the Czech armies were placed under Moscow-dominated leadership in 1948, when practically the entire R.A.F.-trained air force was discharged. It has become an open secret, too, that a young Russian colonel has taken over the intelligence.

The stage was set for the Russians' final move in the maneuvering that started at Yalta with their stand against France. Under Stalin's portrait Otto Grotewohl addressed the east German people as the new Chancellor. A personal message from Stalin underlining the special status of the new member of the family was read. An amnesty restored full political rights to almost all Nazis and ex-officers. The Communist press, which had formerly attacked west German reconstruction, now lit into the dismantling program. The People's Police intensified its recruiting drive, and staged Berlin's first post-Hitler torchlight parade.

By now it was time to tell the satellites and the people of Russia what had taken place; for now the double-face and double-talk had lost usefulness. Those who had flocked around the Kremlin for protection against a reconstructed Germany were told, on November 6, 1949, that their fears were no longer fashionable. "There can be no doubt," said Georgi M. Malenkov, Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, "that with the peaceful policy of the German Democratic Republic and the peaceful policy of the Soviet Union . . . peace in Europe can be regarded as secured." The new protector of the small satellites therefore was—Germany.

Unquestionably, the satellites have a fair idea of the meaning of this line-up. The Germans announced almost at once that they were about to send trade missions to Czechoslovakia and Poland, and they added promptly that the Kremlin had suggested such action. Unless Prague and Warsaw want to run the risk of being labeled "reactionary" and "fascist" they had better roll out the red carpet.

The eastern countries look with fear on Germany as a rival satellite, but Germany will not regard itself as a satellite at all. Although the new government may speak under the Soviet banner, it will see new opportunity in the role of pawn-turned-master. To German professional soldiers, an army is an army, even if it may call itself temporarily the People's Police. To German industrialists the market of eastern Europe is attractive; the prospect of economic domination there is far more promising than in the Marshall Plan area, where the emphasis is on co-operation rather than on supremacy. The war has brought home to Germans the superiority of American industrial power, but they still feel technically ahead of the Russians.

Henceforth the lesser satellites will have more and more occasion to think of the Molotov-Ribbentrop alliance, and what it meant to Poland in 1939. The question remains whether they will also realize that American policy has undergone a rather remarkable change since the early postwar days of bumbling. Dr. Benes's Socialists were abandoned to the Russians as unreliable "radicals," but Tito has not been denied American aid despite the fact he plainly calls himself a Communist. Land reforms in Italy have finally been given American approval. Economic "infiltration" into the eastern countries has just been recommended by Marshall Plan officials. There are real indications that American policy planners are shedding both impractical idealism and pliant defeatism.

These are vital developments; for if the Polish Socialist and the Czech National Socialist begin to realize that a new link—perhaps an underground alliance—with the West is not a tie-in sale with laissez-faire capitalism, he may at last see an alternative. The United States this time did not insist that Tito hold free elections and declare democracy overnight. Our government apparently is learning that white and black are unusual colors in the spectrum of European power politics; that various shades of gray must be tolerated to prevent them from turning darker.—Fred M. Hechinger

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Macedonia

The smoldering area where Tito and Stalin may come to grips

The Cominform, casting about for a way to set off a fatal uprising against Marshal Tito's régime, could find no more logical place for such a revolt than the Yugoslav Federated People's Republic of Macedonia. As a matter of fact, the first visible sign of the Tito-Stalin feud came early in 1948 when Russia suddenly reversed its original plans for the primitive region of Macedonia.

Before that, Russia was pushing the idea of uniting Macedonia, which is divided unequally among Greece, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. Many leaders in the past had dreamed of unifying the area, but they could never agree on a plan. This time, Russia supposedly had the whole say, and did not expect opposition from any other nation except groggy Greece.

Then the Kremlin dropped its unification plans. Now it hopes to use the bitter, mixed-up Macedonians against Tito, and it dreams a fantastic dream that the Yugoslav Macedonians will support a civil war against the heretic marshal. Russia desperately needs a Macedonian bridge to Albania, its isolated and shaky satellite on the Mediterranean.

Marshal Tito, too, has dreamed of uniting Macedonia. Just after the war, Bulgaria and Russia were both quite willing. But now Bulgaria has charged Tito with conspiring to gobble up not only Bulgarian Macedonia but the rest of Bulgaria as well. The main danger for the Bulgars today is that Tito's ideas of national equality may infect the fiery Bulgarian Macedonians.

Greece—and its sector of Macedonia—has, perforce, been left out of all these plans. But had the Communist rebels been successful there, the most important part of Macedonia—Aegean Macedonia, with its seaport of Salonika—would have been included, whether Greece or the Greek Macedonians liked it or not.

Any plan, counterplan, or variation thereof, leaves the Macedonian people —who are backward, stubborn, hard-living, and steeped in a kind of gold-and-silver-filigree legend—in much the same miserable and hopeless position they have occupied for centuries.

Macedonia can hardly be called a country. Its borders—which lie somewhere in Greece, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia—are purely hypothetical. The only definite boundaries are the lines bristling with soldiers, guns, and pillboxes which divide the three parts of Macedonia among the three bigger Balkan countries.

If you sit in a coffee house in the half-modern city of Skoplje, the Yugoslav Macedonian capital, you can feel the ties of comradeship, and hear, at the same time, the whispers of plot and counterplot. Rough, hearty peasants in thick homespun suits, wearing crude sandals strapped on with rawhide thongs, crowd boisterously together with Macedonians in modern dress. The veil and flowing robe mingle with short skirts, the fez and turban with homberg and fedora.

In Skoplje, surrounded by ancient minareted mosques, Turkish slums, and Germanic modern structures, one can almost sense Macedonia's history, and perhaps pick up some clues as to its future. "The man who unites all Macedonia and makes it free," says one of Tito's eager young Communist functionaries, "will perform something that everyone has tried and failed. Marshal Tito has come closer to the real solution than anyone . . ."

Gnarled and knotty from malnutrition, the Macedonians do not form one special race or nationality. Most of them are of Mongol and Caucasian Slav origin, with Bulgar influence predominating in looks and language. But there are whole sections populated by pinch-faced, fierce little people known as the Shiptars—the "Sons of the Eagle"—Albanians descended from the lost Illyrian race.

In 1878, when the Turks were routed out of Serbia and most of Macedonia after a five-hundred-year rule, the big powers began wrangling over Macedonia. The area by that time could hardly grow enough food to feed its inhabitants, but it lay on the vital route from central Europe to Turkey and the Middle East. Finally Macedonia was divided among Serbia, Bulgaria, and Greece, by agreement among the Russian Tsar, the Turkish Sultan, and the Austro-Hungarian Emperor, with a few other European powers looking on.

In the section that is now Yugoslav Macedonia — the Vardar — the Serbs became exploiters as ruthless as the Turks had been. The Bulgars took advantage of the resentment against the Serbs to promote their own aims for a Greater Bulgaria to oppose Greater Serbia. A fanatical group of Macedonians called the IMRO (the Independent Macedonian Revolutionary Organization) began working for independence. The Bulgars began to support them in the hope that they could eventually take over. During the Second World War the organization was given new strength by the Nazis and the quisling Bulgar monarchy.

Today the IMRO is scattered and

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broken. In Yugoslavia, Tito has smoked out and shot its leaders. In Bulgaria, IMRO men who would play ball were swept into Communist-front organizations. Now Bulgaria again finds these groups, with their oppressed relatives in Yugoslavia, valuable for stirring up a hornets' nest.

The latest chapter of the Macedonian "problem" is written large in the recent trial of former Deputy Premier Traicho Kostov of Bulgaria, who went to the gallows as an example to all would-be nationalists in his country. Primarily, the trial served as Bulgaria's contribution to the Cominform propaganda war against Tito. It is obvious that Kostov objected to the Soviet Union's high-handed dabbling in Bulgarian affairs. He virtually admitted as much, even though he startled his judges by denying that he had plotted with Tito and the "Anglo-American warmongers."

Kostov was charged with conspiring to hand over the Bulgarian part of Macedonia (Pirin Macedonia) to Tito for annexation with the Macedonian Republic (Vardar). This was to have been the first step toward putting all of Bulgaria under Tito's control in a South Slav Federation.

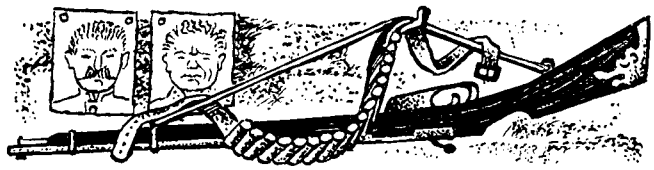
This plan did, indeed, exist. But it was no conspiracy. It wasn't Kostov's idea at all; it was formally approved by Stalin and agreed upon by Tito and the late Bulgarian Premier, Georgi Dimitrov.

I recall well the sunny day in 1947 at the Belgrade railroad station, when the dazzlingly uniformed Tito kissed the aging and ailing Dimitrov on both cheeks. Dimitrov, last head of the Comintern and hero of the famous Reichstag fire trial in 1933, had come to talk about the plan for a South Slav Federation.

The two old friends went off to Tito's summer place at Bled in the Slovene mountains. They talked for a week, and then signed the Bled agreement. Dimitrov told the press about the main features of the plan before he started back to Sofia in the still-royal-crested car of the former King Boris of Bulgaria.

There was nothing sudden or haphazard about it. The two countries were to begin cautiously, with a "cultural and economic agreement," which was to lead as quickly as possible to a customs union. The "cultural" agreement called for an exchange of teachers, ideas, workers, techniques, and propaganda, particularly in Macedonia, in which lies a considerable part of the Yugoslav-Bulgarian border.

Dimitrov admitted then that the customs union was expected to lead to a South Slav Federation in the not-too-distant future. The two things delaying it were, of course, the shattered and widely divergent economies of the two countries, which had first to be brought to an equitable level, and the necessity for a thorough "educational" campaign to eliminate the natural violent opposition to the plan on the part of certain of the Bulgarian Communists.



Dimitrov was old, and those who saw him could detect the dark liver spots on his face—indications of the ailment of which the Russians say he died near Moscow in mid-1949. It was quite obvious that his days of leadership in the Communist world were passing.

Tito, on the other hand, was the rising star. He had fought his own revolution with very little outside assistance. He had begun early to "socialize" his country along strict Soviet lines. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that, even though Dimitrov might be given titular leadership of the projected federation, Tito would be the real power.

The Yugoslav press recently has revealed some facts, which seem highly credible, about the negotiations leading up to this proposed federation.

According to the Belgrade version of the story, Bulgarian Communist leaders agreed with the Yugoslav chiefs in 1944 on a broad proposal to unite the two countries into one federal state. Tito had suggested that Bulgaria join the federation as a seventh republic of Yugoslavia, since they were all "international" Communists with a single purpose anyhow. But a strong faction in the Bulgarian party, *headed by the doomed Kostov*, demanded a two-nation federation, in which Bulgaria would be on an equal footing with Yugoslavia. It is apparent just how doomed Kostov was. If Tito's federation plan, which the Kremlin then approved, had become reality, he would have been brought to trial anyhow, as a dissenter. It is worth noting that in his "Titoist" idea of "Bulgaria first" he was opposing Tito rather than collaborating with him.

The argument was taken to Moscow, where Stalin, Molotov, and Vishinsky actively participated in settling the differences (in Yugoslavia's favor, says the Belgrade press) and drawing up the outline for the new federation. Orders went to Belgrade and Sofia to work out the details as quickly as possible.

The first steps of the plan were carried out most actively in the two Slav-held areas of Macedonia. And these two areas, at the same time, were the real centers for the assistance given the Greek Communist rebels in Aegean Macedonia.

Arrangements were made for allowing the peasants on both sides of the Bulgarian-Yugoslav border to go back and forth without visas or restrictions. Tito was able to make the major "cultural" contribution. He had already started boosting Macedonian pride by giving his Macedonian state nominal autonomy, taking Macedonians into the government, fostering their ancient folklore, publishing newspapers in a hybrid Macedonian tongue, and teaching Titoism to all minority groups in their own languages.

The agreement gave Tito *carte blanche* to bring his well-trained propagandists into Pirin, or Bulgarian, Macedonia. It was natural that they showed the less-favored Pirin brothers how much better off they were since they had been "liberated" by Tito.

All this, plus Tito's rising independence in the Balkans, became the cause of deep concern to Moscow. Here was a bloc that showed a high-voltage potential for becoming much too powerful. This federation could easily grow into a federation of the whole Balkan peninsula, taking in Hungary, Romania, and Albania—and even Greece, if the Communists won there. And this federation was built around Macedonia and was partly based on its strategic importance in Europe.

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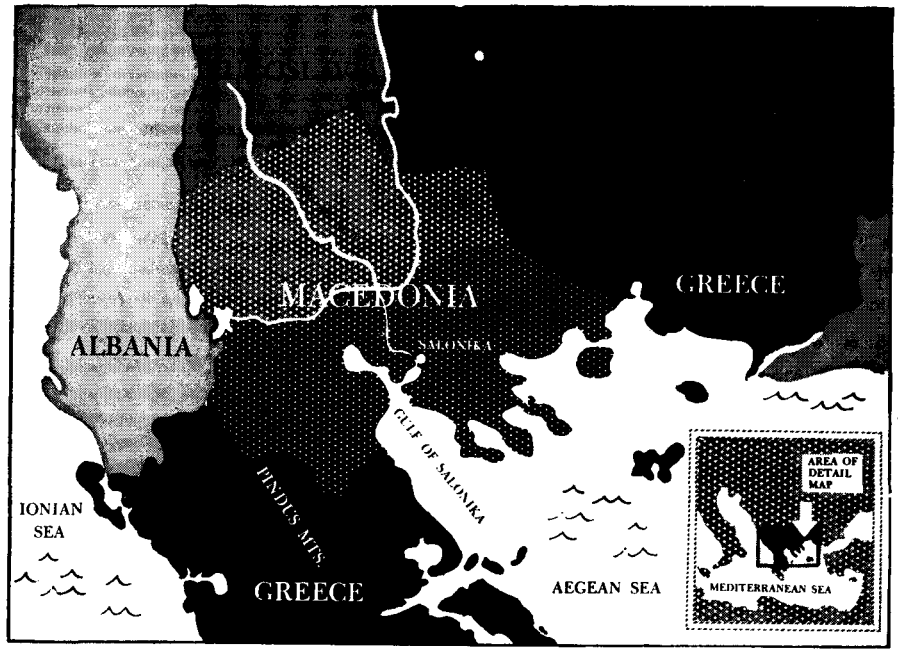
Moscow called upon Tito to modify his aims, show a little more respect for the Soviet Union, and think more about helping the Red "Motherland" than his own. He flatly refused.

The West was still unaware of this growing feud, but there were two signs of it that now appear ridiculously obvious:

Pravda turned on its old hero Dimitrov early in 1948 and told him his glowing conversations about an imminent federation were "premature." Moscow obviously considered it necessary to bring Tito back into line before the South Slav plan could be allowed to progress further. Dimitrov, tired old fighter that he was, obediently agreed that his declarations *were* premature. He probably hoped that the marshal would get back in step so that the plans could be set in motion again. *Pravda* did not mention Tito at that time, and Belgrade was silent. Tito never renounced the plan, and never published *Pravda's* slap at Dimitrov in his controlled newspapers.

The second sign appeared when the Prime Minister of the Yugoslav-controlled People's Republic of Macedonia, Lazar Kolishevski, told a "People's Front" congress in his capital at Skoplje that "Greater Bulgarian chauvinism" had continued to sabotage the program for uniting all of the Macedonians. Many of these alleged chauvinists were in Bulgaria's Communist-led "Fatherland Front." They had, he said, divided Pirin Macedonians and subjugated the region's interests to Bulgarian national aims.

Kolishevski clearly outlined Tito's shrewd technique of granting the Macedonians "separate historical development." He showed how this method was expected to bring the Pirin Macedonians to the realization of an ancient dream. It now becomes apparent that Kolishevski, in May of 1948, could no longer keep the secret of the Bulgarian opposition to Tito's plan.



Reporter map by Gil Walker

Dotted area shows the three Macedonias

A month later Tito refused to face a Cominform tribunal to renounce his "selfish errors." Since then more secrets have trickled out.

For instance, it has become clear that it was *not* Dimitrov who could be charged with being a Bulgarian chauvinist. The Yugoslavs have maintained that Dimitrov was at heart on Tito's side, especially with reference to Macedonia. The Bulgarians now in power deny this vehemently, for Dimitrov has been promoted to sainthood, embalmed like Lenin, and laid out in a glass sarcophagus in Sofia's main square.

Traicho Kostov has been hanged as a traitor for all of the things that Dimitrov, Stalin, and Tito once planned and promoted. These plans are now seen as an "error," and have been pinned on a scapegoat who didn't have enough respect for the Soviet Union.

The stage is now set for the next act against Tito. It is probably destined to take place in Macedonia. An extreme effort will probably be made to upset the enforced calm in Tito's "autonomous" Macedonia. Pirin Macedonians will be needled to stir up unrest. Albanians already have been sent in to foster old hatreds among their *émigré* brothers in Macedonia and in the "autonomous" region of Kossovo-Metohia in Serbia, where they live as a politically pampered minority.

So far, nearly all the envoys of rebellion have been nabbed by Tito's extraordinarily effective secret police. Perhaps some of them will get through. Perhaps some Macedonian peasants can be persuaded to get out their flintlocks and their curved knives. Gypsy drums, weird Turkish reed pipes, and goatskin bagpipes may again beat out old war dances.

However, Tito's army is on hand in overpowering numbers, with good mountain equipment and first-hand training in guerrilla warfare.

The next-best step for Moscow lies in the hope that Tito can be harassed, by increasingly bloody border incidents, into losing his head and attacking the Bulgars and Albanians from his Macedonian stronghold. This could call into play the network of mutual-aid pacts throughout the Soviet satellite set-up, and then the war would be on.

The questions are: Will Moscow risk such a bold step? Can Russia be certain that the West would not become involved?—Osgood Caruthers

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To Man's Measure . . .

'The Bicycle Thief'

"The Bicycle Thief," an Italian film produced by Vittorio De Sica, who gave us "Shoe-Shine," won prizes at various festivals abroad; as soon as it reached America, last December, it was voted the best foreign-language film of the year. Presently it will be shown in many cities throughout the country. Of this sensitive and truthful film it may be said that one does not look at it from outside; here is no diversion from reality; the truth of life itself is in this changing play of light and shadow.

When the employment agency called Antonio's name, his bicycle was in the municipal pawnshop. The job, the agent said, was for a man with a bicycle; unless Antonio had one it would be useless to apply. "Have you a bicycle?" the agent asked. Antonio said: *"I'ho e non ce l'ho."* The agent said: "You have one or you haven't." Antonio said: "I will be there in the morning."

Antonio, Maria, and their little son Bruno were *sfollati,* a sort of D.P.—D.P.'s within their own country, Italy, their own city, Rome—displaced by unemployment and poverty into a huge, unfinished cement building in which they were permitted to exist rent-free. It had no running water; it looked like something left over from a world's fair; it had started out as a housing project of Mussolini's.

Antonio did not know how he would get his bicycle out of the pawnshop, but Maria knew; in such circumstances women always have to know. First they went to one window, where Maria told the employee that the sheets were fine linen and from her dowry, and then to another window, where Antonio said, "It's the one next to the red one; it's a Fides." In no time at all they were in the street—Maria sitting on the frame, back of the handlebars, and Antonio pedaling along. Maria said: "Just a minute, I have to stop to see a friend." Antonio said: "What kind of a friend?" Maria said: "You wait downstairs."

Upstairs was the fortune teller, but Antonio did not know that. Before he went up to see what Maria was doing, he asked some boys, who were playing in the street, to watch his bicycle a minute. Antonio told Maria: "It is silly to give money to the *santona.*" Maria said: "She told me you would get a job today and I want to thank her," but Antonio said: "Come along." The bicycle was still there.

The billposters rode out for the day's work on their bicycles carrying short ladders with them, and one man told Antonio how to put up the posters: "You slap on a coat of paste; then you put up Rita Hayworth's upper half and smooth out her creases; then you brush a light coat over her and come down the ladder and do the same thing with the lower half. It's easy. I'll be seeing you." Antonio had hardly started before he saw a young man making off with his bicycle. The young man wore an old German Army fatigue cap. After Antonio lost the young man in the traffic, he came back to finish pasting up Rita.

At the central police station the officer was shouting orders from the window to policemen in the courtyard who were piling into jeeps to go to a Communist meeting. "Now listen," the police officer told Antonio, "you have told me all that already. You have made out your complaint in perfect order. It is all properly written down on paper. It will go into the files. If the bicycle turns up we'll let you know. You must cultivate a sense of proportion." The police officer put on his hat and hurried out. Someone behind a mound of papers was tapping with one finger at a typewriter.

Antonio's search for the bicycle started next day. Fortunately it was Sunday. If he could find the bicycle by Monday morning he would keep his job. He decided that his son Bruno might as well come along. He always took Bruno on walks and excursions Sundays. In the market where they sell secondhand bicycles there were stalls with all the parts a bicycle is made of. That was where to look. Naturally his bicycle would not be standing there; they would have taken it apart. Bruno would stay at one stall and confine his examination to bells and pumps. Antonio would look at the frames. The frames had numbers on them. There was a man painting a frame. It was a Fides frame. "What number is on that frame?" "Do you think I'm a thief?" "What number is on that frame?" "None of your business." "Officer, my bicycle has been stolen and this man is painting a frame of the same make. I am asking him what number is on it." "Number 335077." "That is not the number," Antonio said. . . .

The clairvoyante sat in her bedroom, surrounded by customers. "What is it? A what? A bicycle? Either you

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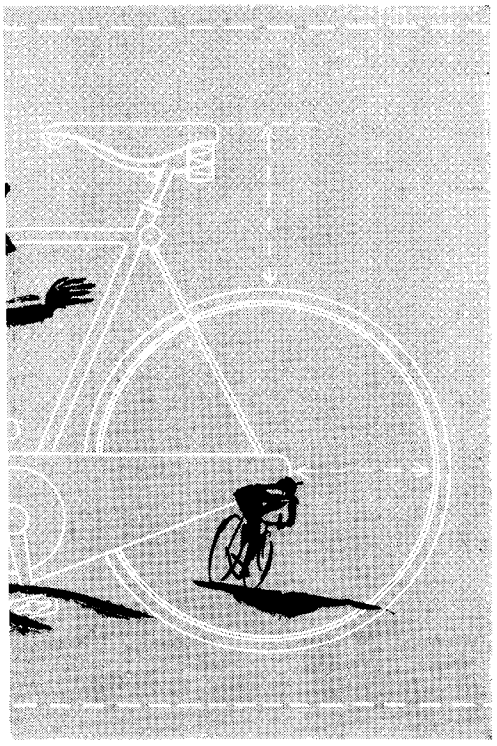
will find it at once or you will never find it at all."

The young man on the bicycle wore a German fatigue cap. He stopped near an old man and said: "What about yesterday's job?" Antonio chased the bicyclist round the corner but could not catch him. Antonio ran back to the old man. The old man had disappeared. Antonio found him in the vestibule of a church, sitting on a chair. A Catholic Action gentleman, with an apron over his fashionable clothes, was shaving him. Outside in the cloisters the Catholic Action ladies were preparing a lunch for the poor. A free shave, Mass, a free lunch. The old man would not talk about bicycles or thieves. He vanished among the crowd.



Antonio and Bruno walked to the Tiber. "Stop jabbering," Antonio said. He slapped him. Then neither of them knew what to say. In silence they came to a bridge. "Sit here. Don't move. I'll be back," Antonio said. He walked along the embankment looking for the old man. He heard shouts: "There's a boy drowning!" People were running toward the bridge. "Bruno, Bruno!" he cried out desperately as he ran. "Bruno!" Some boys in bathing suits were pulling a companion out of the water, Bruno was at the bridge where Antonio had left him. "Put on your coat. I tell you; you'll catch cold," Antonio said.

Antonio took him to lunch. The restaurant was far too expensive. Antonio looked at Bruno with intense tenderness. "We'll drink wine," Antonio said. "There'll be so much a month, so much for overtime, so much for family allowances from the government. We'll be rich, so now we'll get drunk." Bruno did not know how to manage his toasted-cheese cake; he held it in his hand; the cheese pulled out in long strings, and he sucked them in. Antonio said, "It's good?" "It is good," Bruno said. At the next table a little boy in his best Sunday suit looked at Bruno and sneered.

That afternoon, they again met the young man with the German fatigue cap. This time he was on foot; they chased him and caught him outside the house in which he lived. Antonio pushed him against a wall. "You'll talk now. Where is my bicycle?" "I don't know anything about your bicycle." Antonio pushed him against the wall. "You will talk now," he said. The people who lived in the street came out of their houses and crowded round Antonio. "Poor boy, what are you doing to him?" they said. "He stole my bicycle," Antonio said. "Have you any witnesses?" the people said. "I saw him do it," Antonio said. The policeman said: "It is your word against his. You have no proof. I will look through his room." The young man's mother said: "You can look through it for the next hundred years." The policeman came out of the house with Antonio and Bruno. The policeman said: "You can bring charges if you like but if you have no proof they can sue you for libel." "I have no proof," Antonio said. The crowd said: "Get out of here, stool pigeon!"

Antonio and Bruno sat down on the curb near a stadium. In the stadium people were cheering a soccer match. Outside the stadium there was a parking lot for hundreds of bicycles. There had been a bicycle race somewhere; Bruno and Antonio looked up, and cyclists were riding past them on their beautiful racing bicycles. Now the crowd was coming out of the stadium, and one bicycle after another was lifted out of the parking lot until the whole avenue was filled with men on bicycles. Antonio and Bruno got up; they walked down the avenue and stood on a corner. Someone had left a bicycle leaning against a nearby wall.

Antonio said: "Here is the money. Take the streetcar. I will meet you at home." Bruno did not want to go. "I tell you to go," Antonio said. Bruno went round the corner to the avenue to the streetcar stop, but everybody got ahead of him and the streetcar went off without him. Bruno saw his father on a bicycle; there was a crowd round him and they were pulling him off the bicycle. His father's hat was on the ground and Bruno picked it up and dusted it. He made his way through the crowd and stood at his father's side. A zealous citizen slapped his father's face. Another citizen said: "Come on; we're off to the police station." But the owner of the bicycle said: "I don't want any fuss; I won't bring charges; thank you; good day."

Soon, Antonio and Bruno were walking once again down the avenue from the stadium with the indifferent throng all round them—lost in the irremediable solitude of the defeated. It was then that Bruno looked up at his father and saw his tears and, walking beside him, trying to keep step with him, reached up his hand and put it in his father's.

NOTE ON THE BICYCLE: In America the bicycle is something the tourists ride in Bermuda, or it is for kids, or messenger boys; it can hardly be an accessory to tragedy. In Europe the bicycle is a necessary instrument upon which hundreds of thousands of men and women constantly depend. Like other essential tools the bicycle extends the power of man's body; lengthening his stride, enabling him to cover the ever-growing distances involved in modern living. Europeans ride the bicycle to work; weekends they ride it out into the country; they acquire it at the cost of their savings, and when they have no savings they pay a penny or two a day for it on the installment plan; they take great care of it; it is an object for which they have affection.

The European bicycle differs greatly from the American. It is lighter; its proportions are carefully determined so that the rider's effort may be applied with the greatest economy—the leg fully distended; the pressure on the top pedal coming into effect at precisely the perfect angle, about thirty degrees down from the top; the handlebars lowered so that the arms and the back help too.

NOTE ON LIFE AND FICTION: Lamberto Maggiorani, the "father," was a mechanic in a factory. After the film he returned to his job. Now he has been laid off and is seeking work as a laborer. He is in exactly the situation he played in the film.

—GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

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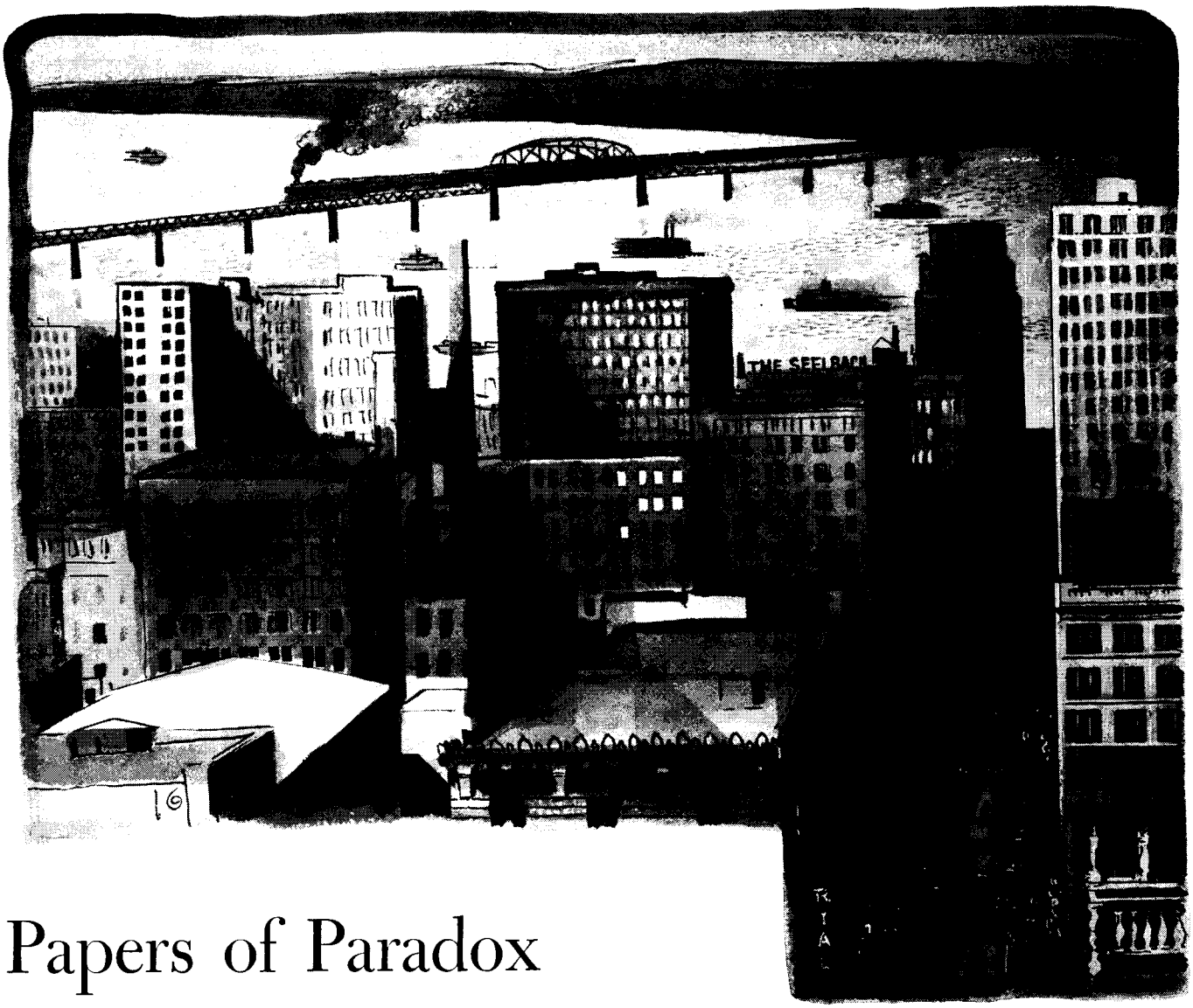

Papers of Paradox

The Louisville Courier-Journal and Times confound critics of press monopolies

One trouble with sweeping generalizations is that they invariably seem to lead to sweeping counter-generalizations. Take the Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*.

For a quarter of a century, reformers whose unique touchstone of newspaper venality appears to be "If it's big, it's bad" have been stubbing their toes on these papers, which enjoy a cast-iron monopoly, yet are consistently among the best (and most profitable) of this or any other day.

For a quarter of a century, all sorts of people who seldom if ever see these paragons of print have been trying to dismiss the "paradox" with equally simple (and untenable) theories. It has been said, for example, that readers generally get the sort of newspaper they deserve—which would seem to imply that the essential difference between the Louisville pair and a similar morning-evening combination in Rochester, New York, where the owner also enjoys an absolute monopoly, lies somewhere in the characters of Louisvillians and Rochesterians. Or that the answer is money plus convictions plus guts, all of which are possessed in imposing quantities by Frank E. Gannett, proprietor of the Rochester *Times-Union* and *Democrat and Chronicle*. Or even (simplest formula of all) that the charmed combination is inherited wealth plus *liberal* convictions—which, going beyond the meaningless line between monopoly and non-monopoly, leaves Marshall Field of the Chicago *Sun-Times* (and *PM* memory) out on some sort of limb.

The *Courier-Journal* (morning elder brother of the *Times*) has been a legend for eighty-one years and some months, during which period it has

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been three entirely different kinds of newspaper. How much of the legend is fact? And what, if any, are its magic formulas?

On November 8, 1868, a young Confederate from Tennessee named Henry Watterson, and a Louisville financial angel whose name (Walter N. Haldeman) no longer matters, issued the *Courier-Journal,* a Democratic amalgam of two fiery Whig papers founded in the 1830's. A great many changes other than the transformation of Southern gentlemen from Whigs to Democrats had occurred in the half-decade prior to this debut. Steam packets bound from Pittsburgh to England no longer jammed the Louisville and Portland Canal that skirts the adjacent Great Falls of the Ohio.

(Those falls had snagged, as river obstructions will, just enough human debris to form a town: British-stock trappers, settlers, Indian-fighters, and fugitives from Virginia justice and decay; supplemented, in the 1840's and 1850's, by an indigestible lump of *Plattdeutsch* Swabians.)

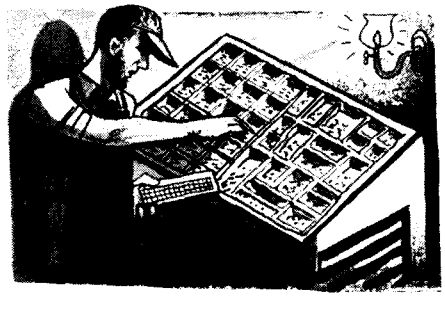
The passing of the river boats could not halt the city's growth. The Federal turnpikes and the Louisville & Nashville Railroad were carrying an even greater flow of goods south. Louisville was stinking rich, war-rich. Main Street was an imposing corridor of red brick and limestone trimmed with classic Greek cornices. Warehouses all the way down to Broadway burst with Burley tobacco, sugar, hardware, shoes, and cotton dress goods. Forlorn Confederate veterans were pressed into service as drummers, fanning out across the old battlefields to bind up fratricidal wounds with Indiana calico and Ohio snuff.

Louisville society, during all of Henry Watterson's half-century, was built around an imposing body of railroad barons, bankers, and *rentiers* living off the bounty of flourishing wholesale whiskey and tobacco businesses (to which only one unlucky member of a family at a time had personally to attend), plus the lawyer-politicians who form the whalebone armor for any such core. Confederate gray and butternut were passports to the Galt House, the Pendennis Club, any Corinthian-columned mansion, almost any Presbyterian vestry; for these people who had fattened on "neutrality" saw nothing inconsistent in lionizing the heroes they had helped whip. In due time the inevitable statue to "Our Confederate Dead" was erected with the generous contributions of realists who, like the directors of the L & N, had lately been provisioning Grant along the Yazoo.

A globe-trotter, drawing-room and smoking-car conversationalist, and reader of "heavy" books; friend of Presidents, Prime Ministers, actors, and writers, "Marse Henry" (as he came to be called) managed to inject into this somewhat stuffy atmosphere of horsehair and honeysuckle a breath of the world. His pungent literary style dazzled and flattered his readers, who could understand such memorable editorial onslaughts as that against Teddy Roosevelt, "The Man On The Horse," if not always his efforts to prove that Shakespeare's works were written by Marlowe. Watterson had become a national institution, and as such (like William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas, a generation later) a source of great pride to his fellow townsmen. Even before 1914, when he wrote the editorial entitled "To Hell With The Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs" that endeared him to the whole Allied camp, "Marse Henry" was already three-quarters legend.

Not that "Marse Henry" Watterson wasn't a hell of a guy. He was perhaps the most literate and certainly the most forceful polemicist of his time. He did as much as anyone to keep the party of Jefferson and Jackson alive during the long G.O.P.-G.A.R. debauch of the 1870's and the early 1880's. His instincts were warm, and, as seems usually to follow, on the whole "right" (meaning popular).

But he was no more a statesman than he was a liberal. He all but wrecked the Democratic Party over Bryan, stomached a good deal of plain rottenness in the State Capitol at Frankfort and at the city hall, and went to his grave fighting the Civil War, convinced that Negroes were not quite human beings, doubting that laborers and Yankees were meant for the lily-white heaven which he must have pictured as a sort of annex to the Seelbach bar.



In the end, he left the stage over a row with a better man because Woodrow Wilson forgot to consult him about the League of Nations. Both he and his Louisville had lived beyond their time.

The man who bested "Marse Henry" in the great League debate was the new owner of the *Courier-Journal,* Robert Worth Bingham, son of a North Carolina schoolmaster, who had come to Louisville in the late 1890's to make his fame and fortune at law and politics. Bingham's face was turned to the future; his concept of the ideal society was that of late Victorian England, not that of the ante bellum South. To Louisville, though gracefully embalmed in mint julep, this was merely a new twist, not a horrid revolution. The handsome, debonair intruder from North Carolina (after all, it *had* been a part of the Confederacy) seemed the perfect Prince Charming to thwart the wicked absentee owners who ran the distilleries and cigarette factories from the fastnesses of Wall Street, and to waken the Sleeping Princess of Louisville with a practical chamber-of-commerce kiss.

Actually, though Louisville did not fully grasp it at the time, Bingham was a man of rare breadth and vision. The most active internationalist to hit the Blue Grass in a century, he nevertheless understood the importance of playing upon civic and state pride until a city and region that had sunk into oblivion was slowly transformed into a pulsating mecca for Derby crowds, would-be Kentucky Colonels, writers, orchestra conductors, Broadway road shows, titled Europeans, young newspapermen, traveling salesmen, and new industries.

Bingham was out to make Louisville, Kentucky, and himself in the bargain, prosperous, but not at anyone's expense. That alone differentiated him from James B. Brown, the itinerant sewing-machine salesman's son who had risen from news butcher to bank president. The two worked together,

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more or less amicably, for fifteen years, during which Bingham served as municipal judge and mayor. Together they founded the Kentucky Jockey Club, which took over the operation of Churchill Downs and other tracks. Together they coaxed many a new industry into Louisville, shamed and browbeat many an idle scion into breathing new life into a family business.

But Bingham seldom compromised a principle. When Brown squeezed Louisville's lower middle class into dismal rows of "shotgun" houses (so called because Brown's stingy twenty- and thirty-foot-wide lots gave them a railroad-car shape, and elicited the local jest that all the occupants could be killed with one shotgun blast), the judge protested. When Brown carried Jim Crow and the white Democratic primary over into the *n*th degree of job discrimination, Bingham counterattacked by demanding political as well as economic consideration for Negroes. The battles between Brown's rapacity and Bingham's conscience multiplied in numbers and intensity; but they were confined to the Seelbach's private dining room, and when Brown blocked his rival's aspirations to be governor, few Louisvillians knew Bingham had had any.

In 1916 Bingham married the widow of Henry Flagler, the railroading pioneer. Eight months later she died, leaving him five million dollars. On August 6, 1918, he bought the *Courier-Journal* and the afternoon *Times*. That made the rivalry between him and Brown somewhat more even. In 1919 Bingham was able to bully Brown into lending several million dollars to the recession-blitzed Burley growers of central Kentucky; and the two of them went to Washington and bullied the War Finance Corporation into bailing the tobacco men out. It was a brilliant move, a sort of blueprint for later RFC and New Deal moves; but it was the last joint effort of two whom a city of less than a quarter million was getting too small to hold. Brown bought the *Herald* and *Post*, consolidated them, and launched a Hearst-like circulation-advertising war wherein he got as good as he gave. In 1930 the Great Depression laid Brown, his banks, his real-estate empire, his political satrapy at Frankfort, and his newspapers low. In 1933 President Roosevelt nominated Bingham to be Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and Louisville knew the gallant judge no more.

Robert W. Bingham gave Louisville and Kentucky a tremendous push towards the future, and thereafter fought valiantly (if sometimes futilely) to keep Brown, who stayed at the wheel, from steering them into a deep ditch.

He was one of the first publishers to divorce his paper from traditional party affiliation and inaugurate a policy of endorsing candidates on their merits. His editorial page never ceased to deplore the lot of education, the Negroes, and the rural slum dwellers in Kentucky; and he gave generously of his personal fortune to alleviate social injustice.

But Bob Bingham was no newspaperman, and his papers were not great papers. They made money, largely because, during his long absences, they were run by two men who operated a low-premium insurance business, and who required the staff to find a good accident yarn for page one every morning and evening. In the last analysis, however, the unique contribution of the *Courier-Journal* and *Times* of this period was their superb global coverage. For the judge, this might have been glory enough, since his heart had long since crossed the Atlantic; for his tall, serious son, Barry, it was not.

When his father went off to England leaving the papers in his hands, Barry Worth Bingham, then twenty-seven, had behind him Harvard (AB., *magna cum laude*), an unpublished two-hundred-thousand-word novel, and three years of menial work on the *Courier-Journal*. He wanted desperately to make a truly great newspaper, knew that his father had not known how, and that he himself would not have time to learn. His first assignment in 1933 was to find the "ideal editor."

The old judge (and quite a number of other people) had spoken well of a young Mississippian named Ethridge, just then leaving the Associated Press to become assistant general manager of the Washington *Post*. Barry Bingham waited. Then the following year the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* changed hands, and the new owners sent for Ethridge to be president and publisher. This time Bingham did not wait; hastening to the Old Dominion (which had already yielded him a handsome, spirited helpmeet: Mary Clifford Caperton), the acting editor-publisher laid siege to this fellow who was coming to be known as the greatest newspaper doctor in the land. In 1936, not long before his father's death in London, young Bingham landed his man.

Mark Foster Ethridge, now, at fifty-three, publisher of the *Courier-Journal* and *Times*, has a very sharp nose and a very persuasive drawl. Serenely convinced from boyhood that he wanted to be a newspaperman, he has deliberately chosen the papers for which he would work, and to an amazing extent even the kinds of work he would do. He began with a stint on the Meridian *Star* in Mississippi, earning his weekly wage as a cub reporter but making it his business to find out how to operate all the gadgets and machines in back, and to pick up some of the lore of advertising and circulation men. From there he moved to the Columbus, Georgia, *Enquirer Sun*. Then on to Macon, where he married Willie Snow, whom he had met while a student at Mercer University; and where he stayed until 1933, save for a year as trouble-shooter on the New York *Sun* and the Consolidated Press.

That is not quite the whole package Bingham bought. For in addition to knowing as much about how to produce an attractive, salable newspaper as anyone ever employed by the Chicago *Tribune* or the New York *Daily News*, and as much about how to sell it as any Hearst man, Mark Ethridge happens to be a genuine liberal.

Among the solid achievements of the remarkable Bingham-Ethridge-Mrs. Bingham team, perhaps the best-known (because it shows up in every edition) is the face-lifting job accomplished in a little more than a decade.

Physically, the two papers and WHAS, Bingham's 50,000-watt CBS affiliate, have been housed in the city's most impressive, air-conditioned, sound-proofed building, just opposite the new Post Office on Broadway. Into

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Harris & Ewing

Barry Bingham

this handsome structure have gone not only the giant rotary black-and-white presses that turn out approximately 170,000 copies of each paper daily and more than 270,000 Sunday *Courier-Journals,* but also the Ethridge-improved gravure presses that print the *C-J*'s distinctive four-color Sunday magazine supplement and (at a tidy profit) those of a dozen other metropolitan U. S. papers.

The team has gathered together a staff that is the envy of a hundred publishers and the despair of the American Newspaper Guild, which cannot organize it. Ethridge's first move was to dismiss the business-office insurance-pluggers and replace them with accounting, advertising, circulation, and production men who would understand that only the editorial department set policy and gave orders on the play of the news. (During the war, the *Courier-Journal* and *Times* turned down millions in advertising revenue —$1,200,000 in one year—rather than disrupt its space allocations for "adequate" world, national, regional, and local coverage.)

With a view to establishing the highest possible levels of writing and editing, and extending them to the business, real-estate, and society pages, the team raided talent all over the country, and particularly in the wakening South. Gangling Jim Pope was lured from the Atlanta *Journal* to be managing editor of the *Courier-Journal.* Others came, including a young Atlantan who explained, "I wouldn't work for anyone but Mark Ethridge; man, he's God down yonder!"

The policy has paid off in a quality of writing, particularly on the editorial pages, not to be matched by any newspaper today; it is reminiscent of the old New York *Evening Post* and *World,* the London *News-Chronicle,* and the Paris *Intransigeant* in their best days, and infinitely better than Watterson in his prime. The mutual attraction has given Louisville a sort of corner on Nieman Fellows (not an infallible index, but a good criterion, I think), with seven: four of them home-grown and three proselytized virtually in Harvard Yard by Barry Bingham, a member of the Harvard Board of Overseers. It has also given the Louisville papers the most representative, full-range voice of the new South to be found anywhere.

Probably the best-known feature of the *Courier-Journal* and *Times,* next to their over-all quality, is still foreign coverage. This is not only because the coverage is superior, or even because the State Department has given it wide dissemination abroad, but also because of the unique position of the Binghams and Ethridge as news-makers and reporters-extraordinary. Barry Bingham is currently ECA boss in Paris. When he returns, it is possible he will write of the work of ECA in a not-uncritical vein somewhere between the Pollyannaism of Truman and the deep pessimism of Taft. Ethridge's three major excursions overseas (as American observer at the Balkan elections, trouble-shooter in Greece, and mediator in the Israeli-Arab dispute) left him a trifle cynical about supporting repressive régimes abroad in the name of democracy ("a fallacy in our thinking which is more likely to plague and destroy us than all the rest").

It ought to be remarked, parenthetically, that some of Ethridge's Washington chores have had equally sharp impacts on Louisville. His term as Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, followed by his long directorial association with WHAS, taught him not only the potentialities but also the limitations of radio as a medium of information; his experience seems to be reflected in the fact that the Binghams have been trying for two years (unsuccessfully) to peddle WHAS, which has never been able to do quite all they wanted, precisely because it is *not* a monopoly, and must therefore yield to the competitive magnetism of lower common denominators or lose the Binghams' shirts.

It seems a pity that the purely local achievements of the Binghams and Ethridge are not well known; for it is here, as with any newspaper that aspires to more than easy laurels, that they have placed their chief emphasis.

They have won for the Negro full and unquestioned franchise. They have opened up to him many new categories of public office (currently two aldermen, a deputy health director, a member of the library board, one of three members of the housing commission, a member of the state constitution review commission). They have hammered away at a plan (still to be activated, it is true) for improving slum conditions in the Negro district of Louisville.

In a city where, a few years ago, union organizers were afraid for their lives, the newspapers demanded, and got, a moral climate in which any man who wished to do so could join a union; and several thousands did.

In a state and city that have suffered much from political boodle-grabs, the newspapers have turned Louisville into one of the most graft-free cities in America; and if they have not managed to clean up Frankfort altogether, they have at least made definite strides.

In the broad field of education,

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where Barry Bingham shines ("The need for educational activity seems to be in my blood"), there has been a slow but steady improvement in the primary and secondary schools. The Binghams give themselves another decade in which to bring a state that only lately ranked forty-seventh in literacy up into the top twenty. Meantime, really spectacular things have been accomplished already in the direction of greater utilization of the colleges, universities, and libraries as community and adult education centers. The University of Louisville is rapidly becoming an all-Louisville institution; and the libraries have blossomed into centers of audio-visual education that are taken as models throughout the world. (So hard have the Binghams pushed this last pet project that there is a gag in Louisville to the effect that persons calling at the library for audio-visual equipment soon may be required to take out at least one book, whether they manage to read it or not.)

The newspapers have encouraged, and even sponsored, a cultural growth that is slowly attracting attention. Louisvillians are quietly proud of their summer opera, their symphony orchestra, which is distinguished for a long list of American and world premières of commissioned works, and their growing colony of first-rate minor writers.

It is a source of keen disappointment to the Binghams that all segments and layers of the community do not respond equally to the challenge that they, with Ethridge, have so eagerly and impatiently accepted. The wonder is that the community responds at all; for Louisville had always been the capital of "let well enough alone." Newspapermen and university professors like to sit around in their lovely suburban homes on Sunday nights, speculating on the reasons why this should be so. ("Louisville was settled by fugitives, a ragtag motley of ante bellum carpetbaggers; whereas the folk who founded Cincinnati were a homogeneous band with a specific goal." "Yes, yes, even our Germans were ignorant farmers, whereas Cincinnati's were culturally mature revolutionaries from the northern urban centers." "No, I think it was our anomalous position during the Civil War: We weren't on either side, really, and now we're ashamed." "Nonsense! It's absentee-landlordism of a far more recent date; we were just serfs who seldom set eyes on the liege lords.")

Whatever the reason, Louisville does tend to be sleepy and backward-glancing. Smack up against this fact come such impatient reformers as Harry Schacter, immigrant department-store head who has been the president and mainspring of the Committee for Kentucky, and Fred Willkie, vice president of Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, who literally gets into everything in his passion to make Louisville the center of the universe. So, of course, do the Binghams and Mark Ethridge.

But most of all, Mary Bingham, with her ambitious plans for solving the Negro problem, for taking care of the poorly housed, for cleaning up the city's depressed areas, for an earth-shaking cultural rebirth. The *Courier-Journal* and *Times* do not crusade.

Wide World

Mark Ethridge

One senses that this traces to Ethridge's school-of-experience realism. (His hitch with the Fair Employment Practices Commission in Washington undoubtedly strengthened certain reservations about the practicability of imposing, by Federal edict and simultaneously upon all forty-eight states and disparate regions-within-states, a principle in which Ethridge believes as firmly as any recent convert from, say, Missouri.) One senses that Mary Bingham, the F.F.V. planter's daughter "civilized" by Radcliffe, chafes at such "gradualism"; yet she is honest enough to recognize that the apathy is Louisville's, not Ethridge's.

Against this slow-moving ice-mass of inertia, Mary Bingham often bruises her small, project-filled fists. Nor is she always restrained from doing so by her husband, the frustrated schoolmaster, though he was born on The River, where men learn to respect hidden shoals, and also the truism that the most expert Potomac pilot cannot know them like a native.

But Mark Ethridge, gently, more often by example than in words, restrains his youthful boss; for Ethridge is of the Deep South, whose portion for so long has been patience and sunup-to-sundown work. And behind the Binghams and Ethridge stands the hand-picked staff: young men from Georgia and Oregon and the Delta mixed with the native Blue Grass and Cumberland strains; all liberally-inclined (or they would not be there), all with a vested interest in the much that is worth saving of tradition. And behind the staff there are the Schacters and the Willkies—ambitious men in the mold of Jim Brown—and of Robert W. Bingham; each in his own way as eager to embrace the future as Mary Bingham is.

So it is, I think, that a delicate system of restraint upon restraint checks the pressure upon pressure, so that, like blast furnaces that turn base ores into shining metal, the *Courier-Journal* and *Times* produce twice daily that happy coincidence of genuine liberal zeal and personal drive out of which progress so often does—and in Louisville must—come.

The Louisville papers may be said to have in some measure equalized the peaks of liberal naivete and the valleys of liberal despair. Scorning alike the wasted lance of Don Quixote and the incessant temptation to rest, Henry Watterson-like, on legendary laurels, the *Courier-Journal* and *Times* maintain an unrelenting, steady pressure for a better life, which too often is confused in the lay-reader's mind with the sporadic circulation-building "crusades" of lesser "liberal" papers.

I suspect this is what newspapermen everywhere mean when they say, in ticking off the ten (or six, or four) "best" newspapers, "Of course, there's always the *Courier-Journal*."

—Llewellyn White

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Indiana

Who (or What) Is a Socialist?

One week last month Indiana echoed with a series of political debates on the question: "Is the New Deal Party Forcing British-type Socialism on the American People?" The affirmative was taken by the senior U. S. Senator from Indiana, Homer E. Capehart, a wealthy Republican. His opponent was Congressman Andrew Jacobs of Indianapolis, a Democratic lawyer.

The debaters toured seven cities—from East Chicago on the windy shores of Lake Michigan to Evansville on the Ohio River—during the coldest weather of the season. An estimated seven thousand persons, including school children shepherded by their teachers, turned out in high-school auditoriums and gymnasiums to hear them. Portions of the debate were broadcast on local radio stations and probably reached a million persons.

The principal result of all this appears to be that British socialism has been planted in the soil of Indiana as a 1950 campaign issue. When the series ended, the contestants were in general accord on domestic and foreign policy, leaving at issue what British-type socialism is, and which of them is more opposed to it. This is a controversy which seems likely to continue during the campaign year. That is what the Senator seemed to have in mind when he made his challenge in the first place.

Socialism is nothing new as an election issue in Indiana, where it has come up as something-to-be-against in most of the major elections this century. The build-up for the debate compared the contestants to Lincoln and Douglas, which led to a good deal of partisan wrangling on which man could play Lincoln.

Both could, in a manner of speaking. Both were barefoot boys in the humbler hills of southern Indiana, although it may be said that Jacobs's hills are a trifle steeper and humbler than the ones Capehart left as a red-haired farm boy. Jacobs remembers his father putting a floor into the Perry County log cabin in which he was born. It was a big event, he recalls. He also remembers riding horseback eleven miles to school every day. This was farther than Capehart (who was born with a floor under him) had to go.

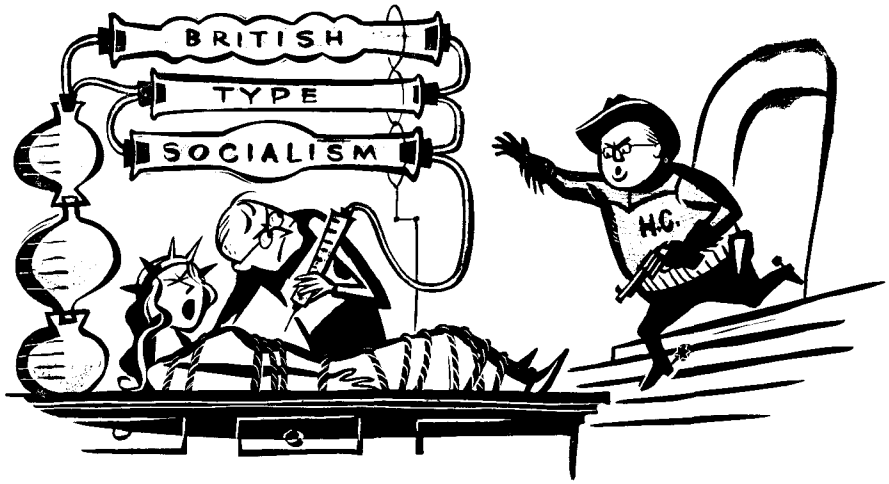
If either looks like Lincoln, Jacobs does, by virtue of his string tie and his height. He is somewhat more than six feet tall, wears broad-brimmed, Western hats, and frequently pads around the streets in sandals. Capehart, heavy-set and jowlish, has more of the appearance of a speaker on "Individualism" at a Rotary luncheon.

The Hoosier champions met for the first debate at Indianapolis, in the Butler University Fieldhouse, a gigantic structure capable of seating twelve thousand around its basketball court. About four thousand persons showed up. It was a record political turnout, but not a particularly impressive gathering in that particular arena, where twice as many spectators had pushed their way in to see a basketball game between Butler and Ohio State the Saturday night before.

Capehart launched his argument that the New Deal was forcing British-type socialism on the American people with a syllogism: The New Deal proposed socialized medicine, socialized housing, socialized farming, deficit financing, and governmental control of banking, he said. These were planks of the British Labour Government. The Labour Government is socialistic; therefore, the New Deal is forcing British-type socialism on the American people.

Jacobs, pushing his hair out of his eyes and dropping his glasses down on his nose like a caricature of a country storekeeper, gazed at the audience in affected astonishment. Could this be? He turned to Webster's definition of socialism as government ownership of the means of "perduction," then challenged the Senator to cite an instance where the Truman Administration had either attempted to nationalize an industry, or even advocated such a thing. Had not the government sold most of its war plants to private industry as soon after the war as it could?

Capehart replied that for all of him, Truman could have kept the war plants, since most of them, he said, were sold for a few cents on the dollar to "deserving Democrats." He urged the Congressman to stay on the subject,



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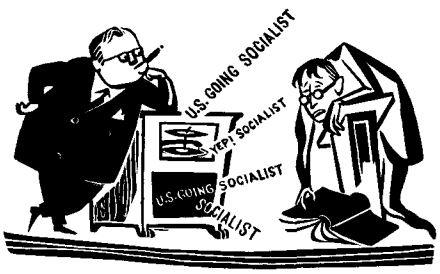

which was the British-inspired program of the New Deal.

At one time, the Congressman observed, looking over his glasses, it had been said in Indiana that the New Deal program was Moscow-inspired. But to get on with the debate, which New Deal legislation would the Senator like to repeal? The Senator said he guessed he wouldn't repeal any of it, but would like to rewrite all of it. He wanted to help the helpless, he said, but he was not one to force benefits on the majority of Americans who, he said, didn't want them and couldn't afford to pay for them. This was socialism, he said.

If such was the case, responded the Congressman, were the Federal aid to education bill, and the housing and minimum-wage laws Capehart had voted for socialistic? If so, why had the Senator voted for them? Wasn't he a socialist by his own definition?

Capehart, who had difficulty hearing Jacobs because of the reverberation of the public-address system in the gymnasium, suspected he was being trapped. He charged his opponent was evading the issue and resorting to demagoguery. Jacobs replied he didn't believe the Senator meant that. He didn't believe Capehart was a demagogue despite some of the things the newspapers said. He knew Capehart as a good American. "They don't grow any other kind down in those hills where we both come from," he added.

The Indianapolis debate ended on this note of good fellowship. The crowd pushed its way out of the big gymnasium a little sullenly, tired of sitting in the hard bleachers. The only complaint came from some entrepreneurs operating a hot-dog stand, who said business had been terrible.

The second night, December 13, the debate was resumed in the border city of Richmond, near the Ohio line, where Capehart was close enough to the realm of Senator Robert A. Taft to invoke his name.

Since Capehart had not voted on the medical plan, he concentrated on it. Jacobs admitted he wasn't at all sold on socialized medicine. He said he would like a plan that would take care of major illnesses or accidents requiring long hospitalization, and predicted the bill eventually would take this form.

Capehart said he was referring to the New Deal proposal, not the individual theories of the Congressman. Jacobs replied that he was as much a Democrat as Truman or anybody.

Who would decide, then, the Senator demanded, what constituted a major illness or medical calamity?

"Couldn't we make it the same guy who sent you to a government hospital while you were out pheasant hunting this fall?" suggested Jacobs.

This was certainly a personal attack, the Senator said, and another attempt by the Congressman to cloud the issue. Since the point had been raised, the Senator said, he felt obligated to explain that he was entitled to as much free hospitalization as any veteran of the First World War.

The Senator admitted there was a good deal to be said for pensions, and that he had always favored the principle of social security. The Congressman admitted that he, himself, had some reservations about housing.

At this point, a gentleman in the audience asked a question.

"I have discovered," said he, "that Mr. Capehart is opposed to socialism. I have discovered also that Mr. Jacobs is opposed to socialism. I have discovered that both subscribe to the principle of welfare legislation. My question is, what is there about the position of each gentleman that makes him a Republican or a Democrat?"

Laughter filled the hall, and the contestants looked genuinely startled. What might have developed into an unpleasant situation was resolved by the moderator, Charles Brownson, a district commander of the American Legion.

"Apparently," he told the questioner, "you are referring to the things Mr. Capehart and Mr. Jacobs have in common that make them both Americans."

The series never quite recovered from that question—or the answer—but it went on.

When the combatants reached Valparaiso University in northern Indiana, they raised the question of whether they had been wasting time. But they continued on to East Chicago the next night, and Capehart cited atomic-energy control as socialism, British type.

When Jacobs demanded that the Senator cite an alternative, Capehart proposed military control of the atom, on the astounding theory that somehow the military might be a less socialistic body than civil government.

Next night the debaters and their seconds trooped into the city of Fort Wayne, in the midst of the Christmas rush. Jacobs asserted that Capehart was a "me-too" Republican in relation to New Deal social legislation. Capehart brushed this aside as rhetoric, and cited government regulation of enterprise as evidence of British-type socialism at work in Washington.

Webster said nothing about regulation, countered the Congressman. The Senator repeated he was talking about British-type socialism, which was somehow different from other types. The debaters appeared on the night of December 17 at the Indiana State Teachers College in Terre Haute, the old home town of Eugene Victor Debs, still arguing about Webster's definition of socialism. By this time, the audience had shrunk to two hundred, but Saturday nights in Terre Haute are inclined to be gay.

At the final session, in Evansville, the Senator charged that his opponent had lost the debate. Jacobs had admitted the New Deal not only was forcing British-type socialism on the country, but also on him, said the Senator.

The Congressman wearily replied that the Senator was more socialistic in his thinking than the Democrats.

The series then came to an end, and the opponents, who had taken to calling each other "Homer" and "Andy," stood up and shook hands. After that, they exchanged Christmas greetings and went home. —Richard Lewis

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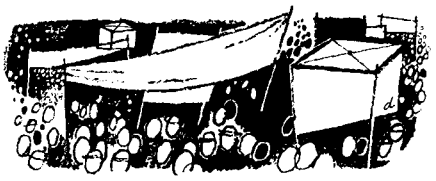
Labor

What Gompers Bequeathed



When the immigrant Samuel Gompers appeared on the American labor scene, the native union movement, almost fifty years old, had been periodically yielding to "urges" that were most creditable to its idealism, but disruptive of its organizational stability. Although in his youth Gompers took part in these searches for panaceas, he was capable, under instruction, of discovering underlying realities, and he finally distilled, from his own and others' experience, some historic rules of conduct for American labor:

First, labor must organize *separately* from the other "producing classes."

Second, the capitalist system had come to stay, and there was no desirable escape from it, by way of either producers' co-operatives or state socialism.

Third, labor parties merely expose labor's weakness as a vote-getter and cause internal dissension. It is, however, important for labor to have a "collective bargaining arrangement" with one of the existing parties during any particular election.

Fourth, it is safest to build unions around the job-interest common to all wage earners, whatever their politics, religion, or ethnic origin, since the American working class is notably divided into such vertical groups.

Fifth, the strongest unity comes when those whose jobs come out of the same "job reservoir," due to a common trade skill, are joined in one organization.

Finally, labor must strive, by all means of economic coercion or persuasion, to bring employers around to recognizing unions as co-administrators with themselves of the available jobs. But Gompers insisted that labor should never run the risk of being called subversive by advocating any sort of "workers' control," socialism, or nationalization of industry.

Gompers had no millennium to offer —only a "process" and a "structure" that were termed, although not by Gompers himself, "industrial government." It was an inter-group government by the employer and the recognized "legitimate" union (not a company union). The employer was guaranteed uninterrupted production; the employee a safeguarded wage and freedom from abuses of power by the foreman or shop boss; and the union was given security through the closed shop or union shop. It was recognized that, for the system to function effectively, management must go on receiving its mandates from ownership, individual or corporate, and not from either government or labor.

Management's profit-spurred drive for changes in technology and wage remuneration had, Gompers maintained, to be watched with a sentinel's alertness. This meant that the union had to exact guarantees for consenting to such changes. Finally, Gompers believed that, with the necessary safeguards studding this "government of the job," the fears voiced by the socialists that capitalism was, by its very nature, identical with labor exploitation, and a menace to democracy and peace, were the fears of immature minds.

Gompers's dicta prevailed during his thirty-seven years as President of the American Federation of Labor, and beyond. Only in 1931 did the AFL convention reverse the master's stand against compulsory unemployment insurance. "Voluntarism" seemed to have lost its appeal in the depressed economic state of the country.

The New Deal supplied the federation with much-needed external impulses, and thus opened the doors to the heretofore-inaccessible mass-production industries. Unfortunately, the leaders of the AFL managed to offset these blessings with the curse of a labor civil war on the issue of industrial versus craft unionism. Gompers, who had stretched his principle of nonpartisan political action by getting his executive council to endorse LaFollette for President in 1924, would surely have found a way to bring together craft unionists and "progressives" in a joint expansion campaign. For Gompers, who had supported the organizing campaigns in meat packing and steel in the war period (William Z. Foster was his appointee as manager of this drive), was never a dogmatic craft unionist if he knew that he was not endangering the stability of the federation.

In 1934-1935, the "progressives" who later led the CIO might easily have been satisfied within the framework of the AFL, even though Gompers had passionately denounced their predecessors, the socialist "industrialists," as "people of the radical blueprint."

The New Deal also effected a revolution in American government which had an enormous bearing on labor's strategy. Roosevelt's attack on the United States Supreme Court, followed as it was by the court's "counter-reformation," changed the government into a much more integrated lawmaking instrument. For the first time the low wage standards in the South could be effectively changed by Congressional action. Gompers's "pure and simple" unionism now truly looked like a museum piece in the face of the many pro-labor laws that the court validated. Gompers's objectives were now being pursued with the aid of a legislative instrument which had suddenly acquired a cutting edge. Nor was

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this such a startling innovation for American labor. The railway unions, of which Gompers highly approved (the strongest ones, the Brotherhoods, were outside the federation, but the "shop crafts" were in it), and whose industry, being in interstate commerce, was, on most issues, subject to one government instead of forty-nine, had already built up one of the most effective lobbies, and had also shown their political awareness as LaFollette's warmest supporters for President.

Gompers preferred economic action not because he had swallowed Herbert Spencer's anti-state philosophy whole, but because of his experience with hostile government, and because he feared that employers would use protective labor laws as grounds for denying union demands. ("The minimum will become the maximum.")

In the present campaign for pensions, even those union leaders brought up in the anti-Gompers wing of the labor movement are unexpectedly finding themselves traveling his road. How, then, does Gompers-ism as a whole look twenty-five years after its founder's death? The behavior of the CIO, born out of a struggle against those who officially wore Gompers's robes, should offer decisive evidence. Had the CIO emblazoned socialism on its standard, and had it sponsored an independent labor or farm-labor party, it would have spelled out its belief in the out-of-dateness of Gompers-ism. Instead, it treats the free-enterprise system as one that is not to be questioned, and is now summarily expelling Red-tinged unions.

In politics the CIO is making bargains with the Truman Democrats, and showing its complete confidence in professional "old party" politicians by mobilizing its own Political Action Committee in the service of this partnership. The stock argument of the old left-wingers that labor could only trust its own party, and never any *old* party, carries little weight when the latter must depend on labor for its election finances and for ringing doorbells in a campaign.

In no other respect is Gompers more entitled to contemporary recognition than in the field of international relations. Gompers, the immigrant from London, considered himself a living link with European labor, and he showed equal concern for workers in Latin America. He deplored European labor's devotion to socialism, without realizing that in a caste society such a challenge to capitalism was labor's most telling way of convincing itself and the ruling class that the days of the workingman's social inferiority were over. For this reason, Gompers's contacts with Europe's labor leaders were not always happy ones. In their eyes, he was an anachronism; in his, they were utopians. Nevertheless, Gompers's educational work within the federation has kept the native-born elements in it from forming an isolationist wing. Even Gompers's detractors will not dispute his role at Versailles, where President Wilson's high regard for him was instrumental in the creation of the International Labor Office. The spirit of internationalism that he implanted in the federation continues after his death.

That no voices of hate have ever been heard in American labor circles is doubtless Gompers's most valuable legacy. The highly constructive role recently played by the American labor leadership in strengthening the spirit of the unionists in western Europe, in their struggle to avoid being reduced to mere Soviet tools, would also have been impossible without the Gompers tradition.

The recent success of the AFL and CIO in shaping the outlook of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions has been interpreted by some Europeans as dictation by rich America to impoverished Britain. Yet who can be certain that after another quarter of a century this American "dictation" will not be seen as the beginning of the recognition of Gompers as the leading intellectual not only of American labor but of free labor throughout the world?

—SELIG PERLMAN

Samuel Gompers

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Politics

Tribulations of a State Legislator

My colleagues and I are typical state legislators. We enact the laws that set speed limits on the highways; we specify minimum salaries for classroom teachers; we fix the content of butterfat in Grade A milk; we draw up the rules governing the purity of drinking water; and we determine whether a citizen convicted of murder in the first degree shall be gassed, hanged, shot, electrocuted, or merely clapped behind iron bars.

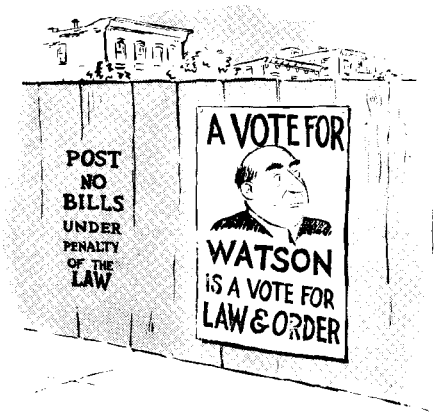
Amendment 10 of the Constitution, added by Madison and his fellow States' Righters in 1791, says:

"The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution . . . are reserved to the States respectively."

This constitutional responsibility may not be carried out wisely or too well, but there are many extenuations. We are underpaid, understaffed, and perennially short of time. We are so accessible to every pressure group that we barely can push our way through the marble corridor for coffee and sandwiches at lunch time.

I sit in the Oregon senate, where I represent the state's largest city. In one morning we passed fourteen bills. The longest ran to forty-two pages and contained eleven thousand words. We were told by the sponsors that it raised the fees on all motor vehicles. Only after the bill had gone to the governor did we discover that, while doubling the toll on passenger sedans, it also contained a section that substantially reduced highway fees for large trucks and trailers.

Was there venality in this? I am doubtful. Our committees have no research staffs and no investigators. We cannot even take testimony under oath. If I want to check something at the state library, I put on overshoes and slosh over there through the snow. The air is good for my physical well-being, but I dare not go often. What if



a bill of paramount interest to my urban constituents should come up while I am away from the floor?

We direct the spending of $300,000,000 in state revenue, and a legislative session costs a fraction of one per cent of this: $790,000. Our daily pay during the session amounts to $4.12. This just about takes care of the rent for the modest auto court where my wife and I live.

At least half the senators, unable to get by on $4.12, add an extra eight dollars to their exchequers by hiring their wives as secretaries. Few of the wives are trained to type, take shorthand, or even keep track of documents. On one occasion we voted an amendment into a Columbia River barge-line bill, but it was lost by one member and never showed up in the law.

The United States Congress is generous with funds for its own patronage and perquisites. Why are we of the legislature so contrastingly stingy? Largely because we function under more careful surveillance from the voters, who peer over the gallery rail and buttonhole us on the way to our lodgings. One visiting grade-school class, for instance, took home to parents an unfavorable report about me—I had my feet on the desk during a senate session.

Life in this political fishbowl makes for amusing timidity on the part of the occupants. In a way, the legislature is like Uncle Wilbert Robinson's description of a minor-league baseball club—"full of has-beens and would-bes." Near me sit several state senators who have aspired repeatedly, without success, to the governorship or the U. S. Senate. Salted among these political relics are a number of young members whom the press regards as certain for the big-time. Ambition sticks out on these men like whiskers. They never move without counting risks. Occasionally they duck a controversial roll call.

Despite the wage scale, most legislators are not poverty-stricken. The per-capita income of the people of our state is $1,302, but a veteran capital correspondent estimates that of the average legislator at $10,000.

"Who else," he asks, "could afford to leave his job or business for the munificent sum of $4.12 a day?"

We keep in touch with other legislatures, and find we are not too far out of line in respect to salaries. Rhode Island pays five dollars a day, Florida ten, and Kentucky fifteen. But wealthy New York pays the men and women who make its laws five thousand dollars a year. Some of our full-time state department heads do not get so handsome a sum.

Are most legislators honest? I am certain the state doubts that we are, which is one big reason why the voters disapprove of more adequate legislative salaries. Yet I believe few members would take an outright bribe. Occasionally we feel some senator is tied by financial tethers to a slot-machine ring or liquor lobby, but such men are readily marked, and their effectiveness is questionable.

Subservience to interests and lobbies is of a subtler sort, and does not involve

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currency changing hands behind a convenient pillar or cloakroom door. As a British versifier once remarked of his country's press:

You cannot hope to bribe or twist,
Thank God, the British journalist;
But seeing what the man will do
Unbribed, there's no occasion to.

Practically every one of us has his eye on a more heavily-braided political epaulet. Campaign funds are important to this goal. It took a treasury of $50,623 to elect one of our colleagues to the governorship in 1948. A state legislator who has favored keeping ax and saw away from timberlands reserved for school revenues is hardly apt to have his gubernatorial dream financed by sawmill proprietors.

Today a new political factor has intruded. Since 1940 the population of Oregon has gone up fifty-nine per cent. The state was predominantly rural a decade ago; now most of the people live inside city limits, and thousands of them belong to trade unions. No longer are the lobbyists for power and lumber, with their overflowing treasuries, the only ones to call the tune. Union representatives sit in the galleries and write down names as the roll calls proceed.

After a vote on industrial accident benefits, the square-jawed CIO secretary said to a man who had sat in the senate for a good number of years: "I believe you'll regret your *nay* on that, my friend."

The remark was passed without malice, but when I came back from lunch the senator was still slumped in his chair, his face the color of the linen handkerchief which protruded from his pocket. Perhaps he was totting up the number of CIO loggers and longshoremen in his district.

The legislature generates its own social life, its rivalries for pre-eminence in the receiving line, and its own intrigues. Two downtown hotels in the capital, a city of fifty thousand inhabitants, house most of the members, although a few save money by doing their own cooking at motor courts. Barely a week of the session has gone by before the gossip is fully stabilized.

Everyone knows which senator cannot hold his liquor, and which lonely representative has formed a comfortable friendship with a fortyish old maid in one of the state agencies, whose deep-cut neckline at the Governor's Ball showed what some man had been missing.

Yet the legislators' conduct on the whole is decorous. These men work hard—as they must to possess even a fragmentary knowledge of the bills being considered. Our state, for example, has an obscure statute exempting from the corporate income tax all businesses deriving ninety-five per cent of their receipts from property rentals, a strike of truly Klondike proportions for the real-estate trade. Someone didn't catch that joker.

Since 1932 the country has been decisively Democratic in every Presidential election and in every Congressional election except one, but throughout that time the Republicans have made a far stronger showing in the states. Legislatures in the Northern and Western states have been preponderantly Republican, but the national totals of Republican and Democratic state legislators are pretty even, because of such legislatures as Alabama's, in which one hundred forty Democrats and one Republican sit.

The G.O.P.'s power in the states is partly explained by the fact that most legislatures have failed to reapportion their districts in conformity with population shifts. Oregon's state constitution requires a redistricting of the legislature every ten years, yet the senate has not been reapportioned since 1909. Although people since have migrated to the city to drive trucks and build ships, the legislature continues to represent an agrarian population pattern that has largely vanished.

My urban district has eighty-one thousand residents. A few chairs away is a senator from a backwoods constituency with eight thousand inhabitants. His vote can cancel mine on any issue, and we are poles apart on virtually all social and economic questions. Why should he try to understand a bill providing for slum clearance? In his realm the ranches are measured by horizons rather than acres.

The whole senate chamber tingles with mistrust of the big city. I even encountered suspicion when I sponsored a bill which would have diverted city tax revenues to improve rural schools. Mayor William Devin of Seattle recently pointed out that his community

'Between the Manufacturers' Society telling me what I should do, the CIO telling me what I shouldn't do, and my wife telling me what I will do, I'm thinking of going back to the insurance game.'

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cannot install parking meters or improve civil service without first getting the permission of the hinterland senators and representatives who rule the state legislature.

A distinguished member of the U. S. Senate once said to me:

"You get a little better perspective on things three thousand miles from home. The voters aren't looking right down your throat all the time. And it's a little more difficult for a handful of people to make it look like they represented the whole universe."

I now know exactly what he meant. Recently I put my name to a bill which would limit the numbers of the billboards that make garish corridors out of our highways. A few men were naturally stung on what Justice Brandeis once called "the pocket nerve." They were soon able to make it seem as if the entire state was up in arms against the proposed law.

Although I had a perfect voting record on the AFL score-sheet, the head of the Signpainters' Union called me an "enemy of labor," and claimed that I wanted to throw hundreds of men out of work. Then the "widows and orphans" began to appear: forlorn families which would become public charges if they no longer could rent their roadside property to the signboard companies. The state advertising club sent an impressive delegation, which accused me of being a foe of the Bill of Rights: The advertising men would lose their "freedom of speech" if their billboards were barred from the countryside.

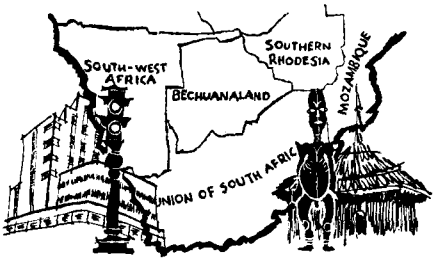
Although the bill had been suggested to me by a wealthy old woman who loved scenery and did not like to see it defaced, my proposal was denounced by these delegations as being of Communist origin. Presently several senators came to me shamefacedly and revoked their pledges to vote for the measure.

Put to a public referendum, I imagine the bill would have passed by at least five to one. These few small pressure groups were able to induce the legislature to reject it overwhelmingly. I still marvel at the fact that the billboard owners themselves never once appeared during the entire operation. One can admire an enemy's technique, even while being victimized by it.

—RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

South Africa

Two Races, One Fear



There are two ways of approaching the Union of South Africa: by sea from the west or overland from the north. If you choose the former you are abruptly exposed to a white ruling class which, by its treatment of its native wards, openly flouts every principle of western civilization. The minute you pick up a newspaper you are likely to come across the announcement of anti-native measures reminiscent of the repression of the Jews in the Third Reich. When this writer recently was spending a few weeks in the Union, Parliament was engaged in passing a bill for the prohibition of mixed marriages. An order had just been put into effect whereby the Jim Crow system had been made obligatory on the Cape railways. The abolition of free meals for native school children was being talked about.

These are only the initial steps in Prime Minister D. F. Malan's systematic campaign for "putting the Kaffir in his place." If Dr. Malan keeps his word there is far worse to come. Native representation in the Lower House of Parliament, already small, is to be abolished. The Native Representative Council—"that toy," as one of its members has contemptuously called it—may also go. The approximately nine hundred thousand members of the half-caste population, known in South Africa as the Cape Coloured, who at present still possess no qualified parliamentary franchise, are to be removed from the common electoral roll and placed on a separate roll of their own. And so it goes.

Approach South Africa from the north, and you get a different picture. The whites of South Africa will seem no longer an unhappy breed of willful reactionaries, but rather the helpless puppets in a historical tragedy. The first thing the southbound traveler discovers is that the behavior of South African whites differs in degree, but not in principle, from that of the ruling classes in the so-called White Man's Countries to the north: Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, and Kenya. All of these lands are confronted with the same challenge: the claim of the black masses to a growing say in the government, ultimately pointing to the black majority rule which will spell the end of white supremacy. That is the problem facing the twenty-four thousand whites of Kenya, the hundred thousand of Southern Rhodesia, and the two and a third million of South Africa.

The Europeans of Kenya, who are equally in fear of black majority rule, but nonetheless give their native wards every chance to develop economically, politically, and socially, may feel that they can take a chance with the so-called policy of partnership. The white nationals of South Africa feel they cannot possibly afford to take such risks, since for them there is infinitely more at stake than the fate of a few tens of thousands of white settlers. For the South Africans nothing less than their existence as a nation is at stake. Nor is that the only reason for their greater ruthlessness. In the north the black masses have only just begun to develop political consciousness. In the south they have had three centuries of contact with western civilization. In the north the vast majority of the native population still lives on the land, in much the same primitive style and under the same tribal disciplines as before

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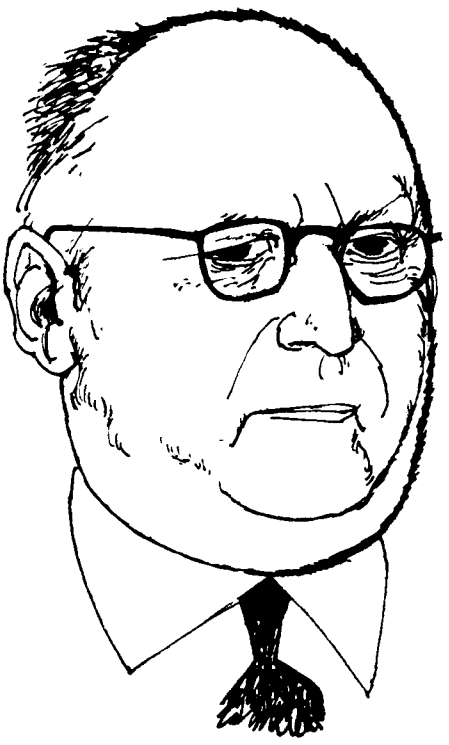
the advent of the white rulers. In the south close to two million natives have flocked to urban and industrial areas, where they have been able to improve their economic position at the cost of turning into a de-tribalized industrial proletariat.

It would be a bold man indeed who would maintain that any other European community, placed in the same position of having to choose between democratic principles and the loss of everything it has achieved in three hundred years of pioneering, would have chosen differently from the descendants of Kruger and Rhodes. That is how the dilemma presents itself to the South African. He can see no middle way between the maintenance of white supremacy, at the cost of betraying the highest spiritual values of white civilization, and the surrender of this civilization.

Even the most fervent South African advocate of a white-black partnership policy, like the late J. H. Hofmeyer, did not deny the very great risks involved in allowing the native masses to develop economically and politically to a point where they could successfully challenge the white rulers. "No one can say with certainty," he wrote shortly before his death in 1948, "to what, in the long run, a policy of development will lead." Fully aware of "the dangers to the white man's position" which the acceptance of his liberal program would entail, he asked of his fellow countrymen only that, in order to avoid "the only alternative, that of repression frank and unashamed" they should "go forward in faith." But Hofmeyer is dead, and his people have decided instead to go backward in fear.

Can one blame them? The answer depends on whether one admits the South African contention that a society in which black and white co-operate as partners in power is eventually bound to be dominated by the overwhelming black majority.

But would it not be possible to obviate black domination, to which a liberal policy of development would logically seem to lead, by assimilating the black masses and their leaders? Could one not envisage a South African society, dominated neither by a white minority nor a black majority, but one



Prime Minister Malan

in which the struggle for power would be fought along party lines instead of racial lines? It is difficult to find an exact historical precedent that will justify belief in this solution. In any case, one wonders whether it is not already far too late for a successful reversal of policy.

It should be clearly realized that South Africa did not start to go backward in fear in 1948, but nearly forty years ago, soon after its birth as a nation. Dr. Malan, far from setting the nation on a new course, is only continuing where his predecessors left off.

The proposed abolition of the native franchise is only one step further on the road South Africa decided to follow as early as 1910, when native voters were deprived of the right to elect representatives of their own race. *Apartheid,* which in the outside world is often thought to be a novel policy, is in fact but the Dutch word for a somewhat intensified and more consistent application of the policy pursued by Dr. Malan's predecessors under the name of segregation. This is proved not only by the record of legislation but equally by the election manifestos of 1948, in which Malan's opposition made it abundantly clear that they were just as determined to safeguard the citadel of white supremacy as their opponents. As a native leader, quoted in Oliver Walker's book *Kaffirs are Lively,* said, "The Malanites say they cannot afford to give us a square deal and mean it, while the Smutsians say that they intend to give us a square deal but don't mean it."

What divides the two sections of the white ruling class is not a difference of opinion about the maintenance of white supremacy, but only a different view of the tactics to be employed in the pursuit of this common aim. The Smutsians feel that the best way to hold the fort is to sit tight, trusting to the efficacy of the very considerable defenses against black infiltration which they themselves have thrown up. The Malanites have no faith in this typically British policy of "wait and see." They feel that the fort can only be held against the black besieger by making a sortie and driving the enemy back to his hinterland bases.

Nationalists themselves will admit in private conversation that they are far from confident of success. What they have, in theory at least, undertaken is no less than the transformation of the existing South African society, consisting of a white ruling class sitting upon the back of a black proletariat, into two separate societies divided by a vertical color line instead of the present horizontal one. There is nothing novel in this Nationalist conception. Their predecessors similarly attempted the geographical separation of the two races, as is proven by the existence of the Native Reserves, the exclusion of natives from urban areas, and their concentration in the notorious locations of the Rand.

All that the Nationalists are trying to do is carry the idea of vertical separation to its logical conclusion, to disentangle the two races—who together have built the country's cities, dug its mines, and farmed its sunny uplands—so thoroughly that each can live its own life, develop its own form of society and culture, and run its own affairs without let or hindrance from the other. It is because this is their professed aim that the Nationalists indignantly reject the accusation that theirs is a policy of repression. On the contrary, they say, they are only depriving the natives of their last remaining rights under the horizontal dividing

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line in preparation for their subsequent liberation when this horizontal division is replaced by a vertical one.

Unfortunately, it is easy to see that this policy can only be implemented at the prohibitive cost of tearing the economic fabric of the nation to shreds. A commission appointed by the Smuts Government to inquire into the problem of native policy provided a number of interesting facts. First of all, the movement of natives to the urban and industrial areas, which over the period 1921 to 1946 has more than trebled the number of natives in these areas, raising it from 500,000 to 1,750,000, is a "natural economic phenomenon engendered by necessity and which cannot be reversed." Greater industrialization of the Native Reserves might increase their carrying capacities, but such possibilities are limited and would provide no solution to the main problem. The existing Reserves are incapable of supporting their present populations, let alone providing for all the natives at present outside the Reserves if these were sent back. Next, South Africa's industrialized economy "is dependent on the availability of native labor, a fact recognized by European employers throughout the country and borne out by their unwillingness to dispense with such labor." Third, a policy calculated to perpetuate the system of migratory labor and to put obstacles in the way of stabilization "is wrong and has a detrimental effect."

If, therefore, economic segregation would obviously be suicidal, which even the present Government does not really deny, then it is clear that the most the natives can ever hope to achieve as a result of so-called vertical separation is some degree of local autonomy in the rural areas, where the geographical disentanglement of the two races has long since become an established fact anyway, and a measure of municipal autonomy in the industrial areas, where a large proportion of them must continue to live and work if they are not to starve, and the enterprises of their white masters are not to collapse for lack of manpower. Thus *Apartheid,* under the guise of bringing about vertical separation, which everyone knows to be an economic impossibility, in fact achieves only a hardening of the existing horizontal division between the white masters and the black underdogs.

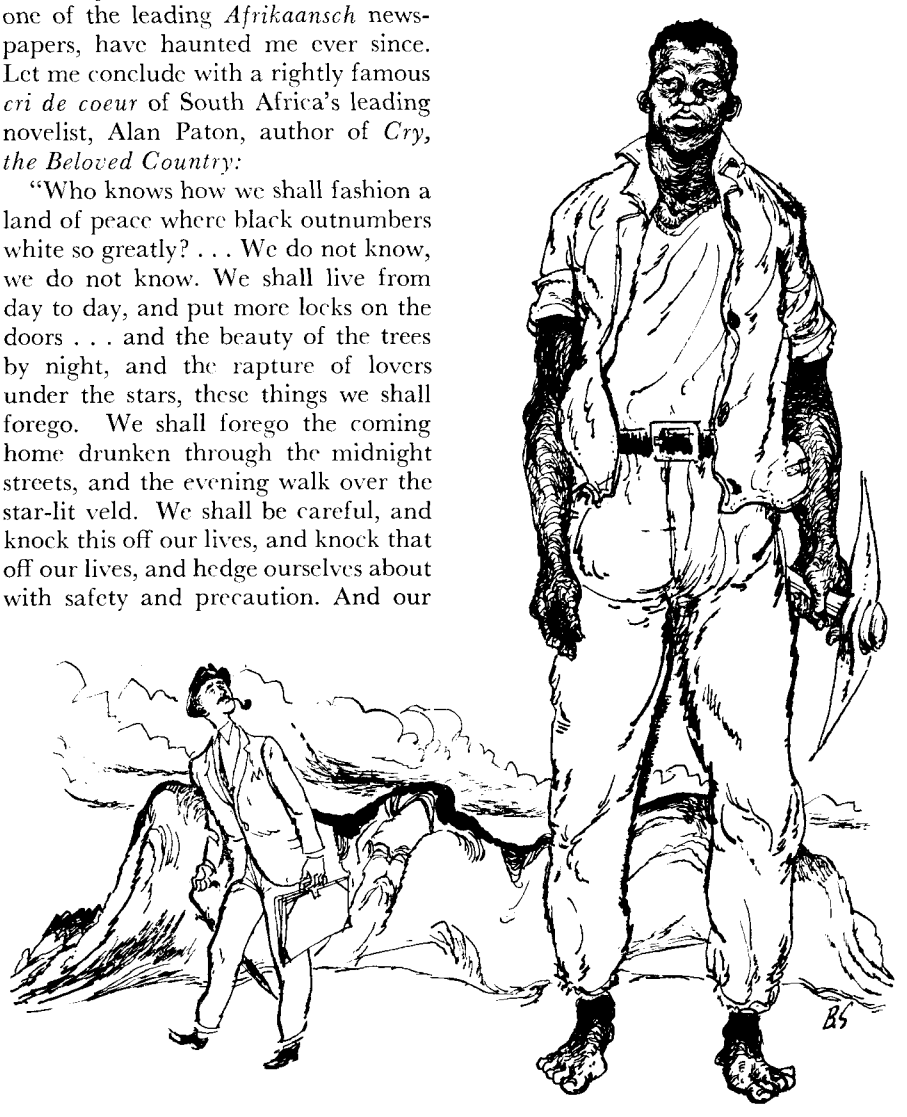
But if *Apartheid* is really only a policy of intensified repression, why don't its initiators realize that they are simply asking for trouble? The answer is that many of them realize it only too well. More than one South African has admitted to me that the volcano is bound to blow up sooner or later. Some expect real trouble in only a few years' time. Others think in terms of fifteen or twenty years. But why, the visitor insists, don't you get off the safety valve instead of screwing the lid on even tighter? Because we daren't, is the answer, because we cannot let things slide like the previous Government did, because we know only too well what will happen if we should follow their line of wait-and-see. In short, because we must do *something.*

We must do *something* . . . Those words, spoken to me by the editor of one of the leading *Afrikaansch* newspapers, have haunted me ever since. Let me conclude with a rightly famous *cri de coeur* of South Africa's leading novelist, Alan Paton, author of *Cry, the Beloved Country:*

"Who knows how we shall fashion a land of peace where black outnumbers white so greatly? . . . We do not know, we do not know. We shall live from day to day, and put more locks on the doors . . . and the beauty of the trees by night, and the rapture of lovers under the stars, these things we shall forego. We shall forego the coming home drunken through the midnight streets, and the evening walk over the star-lit veld. We shall be careful, and knock this off our lives, and knock that off our lives, and hedge ourselves about with safety and precaution. And our lives will shrink, but they shall be the lives of superior beings; and we shall live with fear, but at least it will not be a fear of the unknown. And the conscience shall be thrust down; the light of life shall not be extinguished, but be put under a bushel, to be preserved for a generation that will live by it again, in some day not yet come; and how it will come and when it will come, we shall not think about at all.

"Cry the beloved country, for the unborn child that is the inheritor of our fear. Let him not love the earth too deeply. Let him not laugh too gladly when the water runs through his fingers, nor stand too silent when the setting sun makes red the veld with fire. Let him not be too moved when the birds of his land are singing, nor give too much of his heart to a mountain or a valley. For fear will rob him of all if he gives too much."

—J. H. Huizinga



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Germany

A Capital Without a Country

Sour on politics, Berliners turn to walkathons, jazz, and surrealism

After the First World War, Vienna, an outsized head on the reduced body of Austria, was referred to by wits as the hydrocephalic city. Berlin today is like the decapitated head of Saint John the Baptist, not even resting on Salomé's platter. Both of the new German states are interested in Berlin, but it has not yet been incorporated into either, and its population constitutes the largest "stateless" group in Europe.

The situation is worse than anomalous; it is desperate. Until 1945, Berlin's leading industry was the administration of Germany, counting not only the administrators in government bureaus but also those in the central offices of banks, insurance companies, and other firms. With so little left to administer, Berlin now has a higher percentage of unemployed—thirty per cent of its employables—than any other city in Europe. An unestimated number of unemployable pensioners now draw from the city the monthly checks they used to get from the government or from corporations.

Until the lifting of the Soviet blockade last May, the mood of western Berlin was *Verzweiflung*, a mixture of desperation and anxiety. Then, for a while, most Berliners believed that all their problems were over. But soon the shortage of money and increasing unemployment indicated that Berlin could not solve its economic and social problems as long as its western sectors remained islands of unprofitable free enterprise in Sovietized eastern Germany.

Faced with this difficult, if not insoluble, problem, American Military Government has been transferring as many of its offices as possible from Berlin to Frankfurt. The implication has not escaped the Germans, and morale in western Berlin has considerably deteriorated in recent months. The curious individualism and cynicism which have always been more

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characteristic of Berlin than of the rest of Germany are now stronger than ever.

Since their city seems doomed, Berliners are determined to have whatever fun they can. The western-sector government, for instance, constantly has to ask the population to refrain from changing western into eastern marks and patronizing the lower-priced stores in the Russian sector. But scarcely a woman in western Berlin can resist the temptation to get a cheaper hairdo on the other side of the boundary. Entire trades in western Berlin have in recent months lost fifty per cent or more of their business. The beauty parlors, cafés, and theaters of the Soviet sector are booming, and their proprietors exchange eastern marks into western marks and go on shopping sprees for coffee, chocolate, high-class textiles, leather goods, and such, in western Berlin. But these sprees do not help western Berlin much, for the goods that the easterners buy are not manufactured in Berlin, but in western Germany or abroad. The money spent by west Berliners in the eastern sector is siphoned away from the west Berlin labor market, and, if it returns, benefits west German or foreign labor almost entirely.

Such economic problems are clearly beyond the average man. Since the west Berlin elections in December, 1948, most Berliners have become very skeptical about political and economic "experts." The Social Democrats, who won by a landslide, have made two enormous blunders since 1948.

The first was declaring the western mark the sole legal currency, which deprived all west Berlin firms of their considerable eastern business without correspondingly increasing the circulation of western marks. The second was condoning the strike of west-sector employees of the city railroad system, a Soviet-sector concern which paid all its wages in eastern marks only. After weeks of complex negotiations an agreement was reached, but the west-sector government was left helpless when, a few weeks later, the railroad management, in violation of the agreement, began to dismiss erstwhile strikers from the western sector by the hundreds.

Many western Berliners have therefore lost faith in all political parties. They have also lost faith in the Adenauer Government, which shows little concern over the fate of Berlin, and even fears the city's possible inclusion in the federal state because it might increase the power of the Social Democratic opposition.

A lot of people have lost faith in the western military governments, too. No on-the-spot observer can feel that the western powers have, in the various crises of the past four years, always acted intelligently, or honestly, or even in their own best interests. It is generally agreed, for instance, that the Allies might have postponed the currency reform of June, 1948, for a few weeks, and awaited the inevitable Russian move in this direction, and that they might likewise have awaited the inevitable establishment of the East German State, instead of hurrying ahead with their own plans and thus incurring the moral responsibility for "splitting" Germany. There is also resentment because the new western mark was pegged far too high, as German exporters have been saying for more than a year, and as was recently proved when the new currency had to be devalued along with sterling and other European currencies.

Some Berliners point out that most of the Americans who fashioned U. S. policy in Germany have left the country and been replaced by new men who must face the consequences of decisions to which they do not necessarily feel committed. Among the departed are Generals Clay and Howley; Jack Bennett, who was responsible for the currency reform; Dr. Edward Lichtfield, who was to a great extent responsible for the Basic Law for the Federal Republic and the occupation statute; and J. A. Panuch, General Clay's special adviser, who had a hand in many of the major tripartite policy agreements and disagreements. As the Chinese Ambassador is reported to have said in London in 1939, "the sky is black with pigeons coming home to roost." The Americans who released many of the presently troublesome pigeons are no longer around to greet their return.

Those Berliners who refuse to despair have developed, in recent months, a kind of fevered *j'm'enfoutisme* which is not always healthy. There is more tax evasion and black-market activity in Berlin than anywhere in the world except perhaps Shanghai. The black-marketeer has even become an ally of the consumer in the latter's fight against the state; almost every Berlin businessman now keeps two sets of accounts, an official set that reveals only the turnover on which he is willing to be taxed, and another set, often in his head, that represents the real balance of profits on which he is still able to live more or less decently.

This urge to flout authority sometimes expresses itself in pitting the eastern government against the western, or vice versa. During the blockade, for instance, an eccentric named Kuhny, who had been a cook in a British Army mess in Berlin until he experienced a "vision on the road to Damascus," tried to start an idealistic movement in the western sector. He rented halls and began preaching the power of brotherly love as a solution to all the world's problems.

West Berlin's youth quickly seized upon Kuhny's meetings as a source of cheap amusement: They razzed the

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ungifted orator until the sessions degenerated into wild brawls, with considerable damage to the halls and their neighborhoods. The west Berlin police then forbade one of the meetings, and sent a considerable force to disperse the mob that was expected to assemble in defiance of the ban. The crowd thereupon sought refuge in the Zoological Gardens station of the city railroad system, all of whose property falls exclusively under the jurisdiction of the Soviet-sector police. The west-sector police had to stand outside, while the crowd, booing and jeering for several hours, forced the east-sector police to protect it from the west-sector police.

The west-sector government is beginning to cast a jaundiced eye on youngsters who, after prolonged unemployment, have become confirmed political skeptics. Solemn German civil servants find it hard to understand that this very individualism provides an excellent guarantee against the Communist propaganda aimed at west Berlin's masses of unemployed. A striking example of the west Berlin government's lack of perception was provided by its attitude toward the Walkathon last October.

The Walkathon was promoted by a young man named Rudi Herzberger. Born in Berlin in 1919, Herzberger emigrated to America when he was fifteen, tried his luck at all sorts of jobs, and in 1936 participated in the Winter Olympic Games. He never became an American citizen, but he was drafted in 1942 into the U. S. Army, was wounded in Holland, and obtained a medical discharge in Paris in 1945. In Paris, after meeting Garry Davis, he became "World Citizen No. 2."

Herzberger soon ran into trouble with many stuffed shirts who once backed Nazi assertions that cubism and jazz were degenerate. A Frau Mandler, overseer of dancing for the city's Cultural Department, promptly declared that the Walkathon, an American-style dance marathon, was typical of the AMG's regrettable cultural policies. Dr. Walter Corsten, chief of the department of social welfare and juvenile labor in the Borough of Schoeneberg, threatened to withdraw unemployment compensation from all competitors. The competitors announced that they were willing to accept any jobs that he might offer. Dr. Corsten was apparently unable to offer any. The Walkathon went on, in a hired hall. It continued for seven days.

The west Berlin press uniformly predicted failure, reported that attendance was low, and tried to discredit the event by all possible means. But thousands of Berliners went, and many gave prizes to the competitors. Attendance at the Walkathon became an expression of disapproval both of the east-zone government, which had been proclaimed that week, and of the western city government. The latter angrily sent police to stop the dancing, on the pretext that the promoters had not been granted a license to remain open after the regular night-club closing time; the police were forcefully ejected, and the competitors continued to dance—not in the ballroom proper, but in the rest rooms, which was deemed to be legal.

Jazz, jitterbugging, surrealism, and general frivolity have become, in recent months, ways in which Berliners can express their political independence. These things are suppressed in the Soviet Zone, as they were under the Nazis, but west Berliners are no longer prepared to sacrifice "freedom of nonsense" to a city government that cannot solve their economic and social problems. Only a small and privileged minority of a few thousands can afford to cultivate these hobbies; but the general mass of the population seems to enjoy the show.

One west Berlin establishment features women's wrestling matches. The zoo, in order to attract more customers, has set up an amusement park, which,

during the whole month of October, tried to imitate Munich's famous annual *Oktoberfest*. The *Badewanne* (Bathtub), a night club organized by a group of near-surrealist painters and poets and offering jitterbug contests and readings of incomprehensible poetry, has for the past two months been the only cabaret to be packed every night. When the floor is too crowded, the customers dance on the tables.

Reviving an ancient Berlin tradition, Mamita, a female impersonator who is a former policeman and a natural clown, has organized a *Zirkel Privy*, which, once a month, promotes a vast gathering of Berlin's homosexuals. The clan, generally numbering some two thousand, dances all night and wildly applauds a mediocre floor-show of pretentious female impersonators, in which Mamita himself is the star performer.

To an American, these activities are often so pathetically shabby that there is a sensation of "slumming" even when one visits one of Berlin's plushier, more expensive after-dark places of entertainment.

The former capital of Germany has, in fact, become a huge slum. But it has retained the individualism and the ambition of a great and prosperous city. Its present political and economic dilemma is like a Prohibition law imposed from the outside. Nearly every Berliner has either been in, or lost a close relative or friend in, a Nazi or Russian concentration camp, an Allied bombing, a massacre like Stalingrad, or a Soviet prisoner-of-war camp. Every Berliner knows about the battle of Berlin and the looting and raping that followed it for three unforgettable and nightmarish months.

The average Berliner now realizes that governments rather than individuals have been responsible for these horrors. In a way, many Berliners are happy to be stateless for the time being; their greatest fear is that the eastern sector, already the official capital of the "people's democracy," will be officially incorporated in that new state, and that the Allies will then withdraw from the western sectors. Western Berlin considers itself today a sort of Stalingrad of individualism and private enterprise.

—EDOUARD RODITI

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Books

Deluge of Pictures

From Cave Painting to Comic Strip, by Lancelot Hogben (Chanticleer Press, New York, $5), is a peculiar book in this respect: Its 230 absorbing illustrations and their captions present a pleasant and temporary barrier between the reader and Mr. Hogben's text. Man is the only animal that makes pictures, says Mr. Hogben; his thought and his progress would be impossible without pictures: numerals—pictures which permit mathematics; and the alphabet—pictures which permit writing. Man communicates through the visual. The author would be the first to understand our turning first to the pictures in his own book.

In deep caves in France and Spain, images of the bison and the reindeer still are visible on the walls; twenty thousand years ago man painted them as an incantation to secure the real presence of these animals when he set forth to hunt. Later, man sought to give himself an identity through association with the stars in the heavens, and, here, in pictures of Mesopotamian seals, are the first Signs of the Zodiac. Man worried about the seasons, felt a need to measure time. The Pyramids of Gizeh in their east-west alignments permitted the Egyptians to observe the equinoxes; the stone avenue at Down Tor, Devon, enabled the observer to note the interval (a solar year) between two occasions when the sun rises at exactly the same point on the horizon; in Peru a sun-tower was hewn from a single rock. All these are pictured in Mr. Hogben's pages.

The illustrations show the growth of mathematics—first the abacus, then the notation of numerals; the growth the written word—first signs, then the alphabet. The images came first, then the means of reproducing them, and finally the great presses turning in our cities. Here, too, are the painters discovering perspective in response to the scientific unrest of Europe's fifteenth century. Finally come comic strips. Mr. Hogben takes them too seriously.

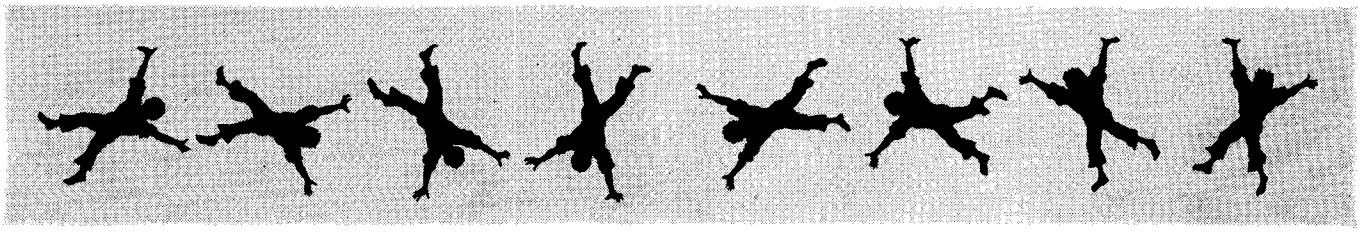
The story Mr. Hogben tells, when we leave the pictures for his text, is one of tragic setbacks, uneventful intervals, and gigantic conquests rendered possible by the contributions of peoples long since forgotten or sunk into apathy. He follows closely the developments which led from prehistoric cave paintings, primitive seals, and calendars, to the invention of the printing press and photography.

Now pictures surround and besiege us. Through television they silence our thoughts in that last and now insecure refuge of introspection, the bar; we cannot pick up a printed piece of paper without being faced with an image. We are flooded with sights and spectacles —not with the originals, not with the sights and spectacles of nature, but with an intemperate outpouring of reproductions. Nature provides man with one spectacle at a time to which both intelligence and heart can respond; but man now provides himself with a mechanical, kaleidoscopic flurry of endlessly succeeding images. Instead of seeing more clearly, he is almost blinded.

Mr. Hogben wants us to inaugurate some system of control. What advertising men call "mass media" are available for the first time in history; Mr. Hogben thinks that they might possibly be used with some intelligence, and that if they are not so used our civilization will follow others that have vanished.

Mr. Hogben is not an impassive historian. He is a fervent champion of federal world government, and very combative about it; he urges us to use the techniques of mass communications to bring such a government into being. Pictures, historically, came before words; in our present plight Mr. Hogben thinks we must depend primarily on the use of pictures. Unless we succeed in establishing such a pictorial esperanto, he gloomily contends, western civilization will fall back into barbarism. That is the fate that befalls people who fail to put their means of communication to good use.

It is here that American mass culture comes into focus. Is it to be used to "coca-colanize" the world? Is it to induce everywhere a gibbering pleasure at the sight of ever-repeated photographs of dancing legs? Mr. Hogben indicts it for wasting invaluable energies on sheer entertainment. "If it is a platitude that America has given the world an object lesson in the popularity of the pictorial medium, it is also a



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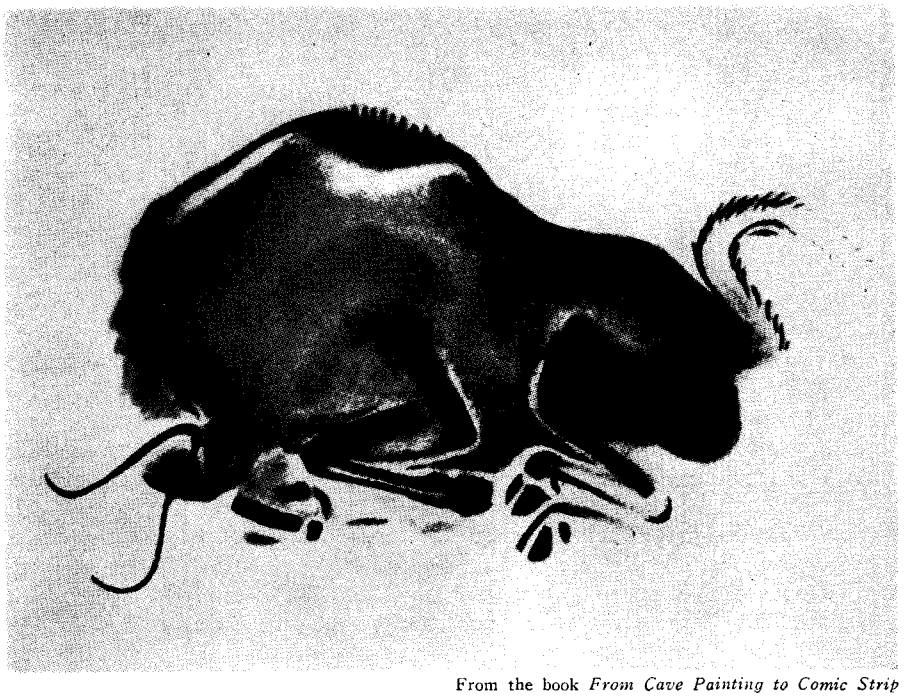

From the book *From Cave Painting to Comic Strip*

A bison from the caves of Altamira, Spain

truism to say that America has not as yet contributed to our common civilization any outstanding vindication of its potential value." His attacks against the American output in general culminate in a criticism of our comic strips. This excrescence on the body of American civilization delights millions of children and adults. Yet Americans have not waited for Mr. Hogben to worry about it and argue whether or not it leads to crime or simply to illiteracy, and whether it can be used to teach the Bible and world literature. Mr. Hogben wants to capitalize on the entertainment value of comic strips (to this reviewer highly overrated) in order to promote educational ends.

This emphasis on the comics results from the book's thesis, which, rather arbitrarily, links all of man's progress to the history of the means, the action and interaction, through which he communicates his thought. Overemphasizing the role played by the comics, Mr. Hogben stops too soon. Of this trough in which we flounder there is more to be said. Contrary to what Mr. Hogben and others want us to believe, comic strips are at best, or at worst, a minor evil easily recognizable as such. The real danger lies in the uninterrupted use made of pictures for their own sake. Pictorialization has become a wanton habit. We show pictures to fill space. Many of them are not even particularly entertaining; all of them seem essentially stopgaps; they either remain unnoticed, like passers-by in a crowd, or the reactions they arouse are highly confused.

If looked at intently almost any picture will yield valuable information. But it is as if our picture-makers did not wish us to look at any picture long enough or with a concentration sufficient for us to pierce its meaning. They present their material in a manner which effectively forestalls our attempts to grasp its significance. When they put captions to their pictures they tell us what to see in the pictures; they do not permit, far less encourage, us to look for ourselves. "This girl is smiling because she has a new automobile or a washing machine, or because she is brave and life must march on," the caption says; but the girl is smiling because she has been paid to smile, or because the mask of pain is very close to the mask of laughter. But when we look at her, we obey the editorial injunctions.

Our newsreels, documentaries, and feature films are overcrowded with verbal statements. The spectator is in a dilemma. If he wants to watch the picture, there are voices that intrude; if he listens to the voices, then it is the story *told*, rather than the story *seen*, that dominates his imagination. Generally the spectator succumbs to the insistence of the voice.

As a result, we are submerged by pictures and at the same time prevented from really perceiving them. The pictures become a veil between us and the visible world, dulling the edge of our intellect, stifling our imagination. We are so exposed to them that they blind us to the phenomena they render. Paradoxically, the more pictures we see, the less we are able or willing to practice the art of seeing. We no longer respond; our perceptive faculties threaten to decline. The incessant flow of visual material from the assembly belt has the soporific effect of a drug, adding to the drowsiness which our kind of mass culture tends to spread.

Mr. Hogben loves pictures, believes in pictures, wants us to have even more pictures than there now are. But he wants them to be the right kind of pictures — world-federation pictures. He seems to maintain, in the final chapter of this otherwise stimulating and fascinating book, that world-wide visual education will not only promote international understanding, but also largely reduce the present waste of pictures, and thus benefit the pictorial medium itself. This is improbable, for the simple reason that pictures serve many other purposes than those considered by Mr. Hogben. How can we assume that by using them deliberately as elements of a pictorial esperanto we may succeed in channeling their overpowering flow? Whatever one feels about the desirability of either world federation or such an esperanto, Mr. Hogben's plan cannot possibly be expected to become the organizing principle of pictorialization. Mr. Hogben's program resembles a publicity man's dream; he is so completely possessed by it that he overestimates its beneficent effect on picture-making in general, as well as its educational possibilities.

Mr. Hogben is a plain rationalist. It is significant that he believes we dissipate our strength by learning foreign languages and remaining faithful to the irrational spelling we have inherited. His dream of a uniform world culture omits the best that culture has to offer: depth.—SIEGFRIED KRACAUER

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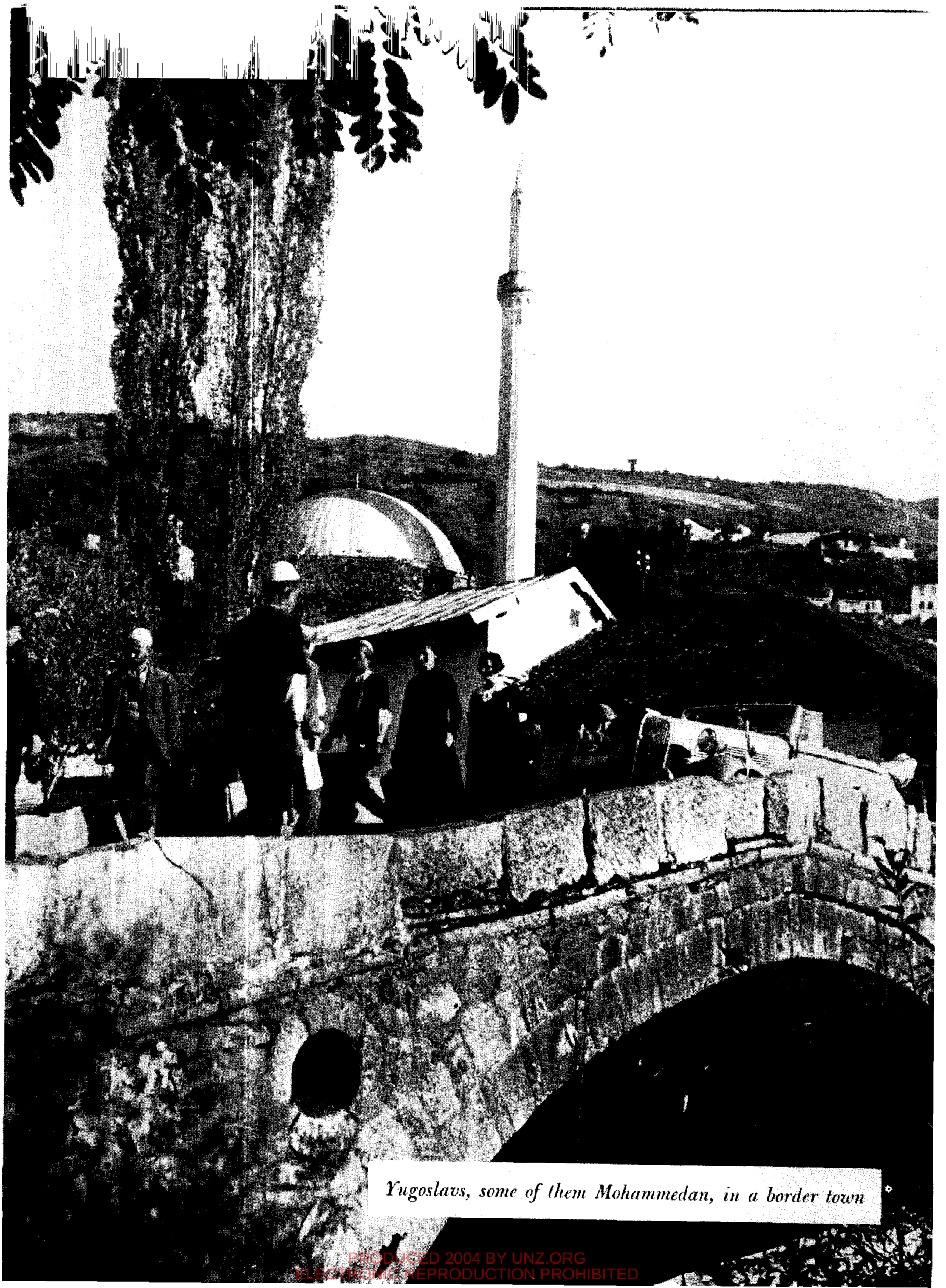

Yugoslavs, some of them Mohammedan, in a border town

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NEXT ISSUE

The U. S. Press in Action

The New York Times – A Critique

Boston – The Triumph of Gaudy Journalism

The Press vs. the Government – A War of Wits

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